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Summary of the News

On every front of war, from France to Macedonia, operations of importance have taken place during the past week. The most significant events have occurred in the west, where the Allied offensive has resulted in more extensive gains than have been recorded since the opening days of the offensive on the Somme. Following a movement by the French during the first part of the week, which brought them to Bouchavesnes and Le Priez Farm, Sir Douglas Haig's troops launched an attack on September 15 along a front of six miles, penetrating to a depth of one to two miles. Flers, Martinpuich, and Courcelette, together with High Wood and most of the Bois de Bouleaux, were taken, and remained in British hands. Subsequent fighting resulted on Sunday in the occupation of a strongly fortified position at Mouquet Farm. On the same day the French launched another attack, at a different point of the line, capturing Vermandovillers and Berny. Four thousand men and fifty-six guns were officially stated to have been taken during the first two days of the British offensive. The result has been to carry the Allies beyond the third, and last, line of the permanent German defences, and to make the surrender of Combles apparently only a matter of time.

In their attack the British received valuable support from a new type of armored automobile, variously and colloquially known as a "tank" or a "willy." Accounts of the new machine agree both as to its power and as to its ludicrous appearance. Impervious to anything except a direct hit by a high-explosive shell, it is said to advance like a monstrous caterpillar, levelling everything in its path, and crawling contentedly over trenches and shell craters. The effect on the enemy seems to have resembled that of the first appearance of elephants among the Maccabees—so far, however, the Germans do not appear to have found an Eleazar. All reports, both official and unofficial, also emphasize the extent to which the Allies have obtained command in the air, a large part of the recent successes being attributed to the skill of the British aviators in interfering with the enemy's artillery observation, and in cooperating in attack with the infantry.

On the Galician front, the movement against Halicz, which has been interrupted for the past two weeks, and which dispatches from Berlin have confidently declared to have been stopped, was apparently renewed by Gen. Brussiloff at the end of last week, Sunday's bulletin from Petrograd announcing an attack on the Podvyscke-Halicz railway, and the capture of 3,000 Germans. Berlin, in turn, has reported the repulse of the attack on Halicz and the capture of a similar number of Russians. In Macedonia fighting has been proceeding all along the line, the most notable gains having been made by the Servians, who last week achieved what the official French dispatch of September 15 described as a "brilliant success," routing the Bulgar troops opposed to them, and capturing twenty-five guns and a number of prisoners. They have since pushed on across the Broda River, and continue their advance on both sides of Lake Ostrovo. Later dispatches report the occupation by the Russian divisions of Florina. A new offensive was commenced by the Italian army on Thursday and Friday of last week on the Isonzo front, which resulted in the occupation of several strongly fortified Austrian positions.

Against the Allied successes is to be set the "decisive victory" claimed by Berlin and Sofia against Rumanian and Russian troops in the Dobrudja, which, according to the Bulgarian statement, ended in the "complete destruction" of the enemy. Apart from these somewhat extravagant-sounding claims, Teutonic accounts of the action are a little vague. Apparently it should be regarded as the concluding stage of von Mackensen's sudden thrust, which resulted in the occupation of Tutrakan and Silistria, while the "complete destruction" of the enemy should be taken to mean his dislodgment from the Bulgarian territory handed over to Rumania at the close of the second Balkan war. Dispatches from Rumania of September 17 confirmed Teutonic accounts of the defeat to the extent of admitting that Rumanian and Russian troops were falling back to strong positions on the line from Rasova, on the Danube, to Tuzla, twelve miles south of Constanza, on the Black Sea.

Activity of German submarines may have been curbed, but has certainly not been repressed, if we are to accept a statement from Berlin of Sunday's date, that from September 3 to September 11 twenty-six merchant vessels of hostile belligerents, with tonnage aggregating 26,222, were sunk in the English Channel and the Atlantic. The destruction within the period mentioned of seven neutral vessels, "according to prize law, because they carried contraband to England or France," was also announced. During August, the statement declares, 126 hostile merchant ships and 35 neutral merchant ships were sunk, the total tonange destroyed amounting to more than 200,000.

Events have moved rapidly in Greece since we wrote last week. The Government of M. Zaimis resigned on September 12. M. Demtracopulos, appealed to by the King to form a Cabinet, appears to have been unacceptable to the Entente Powers, and the Premiership was finally accepted on September 16 by M. Nikolas Kalogeropoulos, a supporter of M. Venizelos. The "most benevolent neutrality" towards the Entente Powers is to be his policy, a Reuter dispatch from Athens has announced. Meanwhile into the constantly recurring political crisis in Greece was interjected last week one of the most extraordinary incidents of the war. An official announcement from Berlin, under date of September 13, stated that the Fourth Greek Army Corps, which, on the occupation of Kavala by German and Bulgarian troops, had surrendered to the chief German commander, would be transported to Germany, with arms and equipment, and there detained "in the status of neutrals" until the end of the war. There appears to exist some doubt as to the numbers thus deported, dispatches from Greece of September 15 stating that they amounted to 70 officers and 800 men, besides the general in command.

An alleged violation of American neutrality, the holding up by a British war vessel of the Philippine steamship Cebu in territorial waters of the Philippines on September 11, will be made the subject of a vigorous protest by the State Department. Another matter that will receive the attention of the State Department is that of the new British orders, issued last week, forbidding the export of various articles to European neutrals, on the ground that they have already received in the first seven months of this year more than a year's supply. A statement by Lord Robert Cecil, explaining the new orders, was published in Saturday's papers.

The traction strike in New York continues, with the Interborough lines, in whose interest it was supposed to have been started, the only ones in the city to maintain normal service. Attempts made at the end of last week to call out in sympathetic strikes members of unions allied with the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employees of America appear, as we write, to be meeting with little success.

There has been a lull in the Presidential campaign since the elections in Maine, but active operations were resumed in the Republican camp on Monday, when Mr. Hughes started on his second speaking tour through the Middle West and Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. Dissatisfaction with the management of the Republican campaign heretofore, which, as we recorded last week, seemed rapidly to be coming to a head, appears to have died down since the results of the Maine election became known. Last week came the welcome intelligence from Shadow Lawn that President Wilson, in his campaign, will take up Mr. Hughes's challenge, and will attempt to defend the eight-hour legislation which he recently forced through Congress.

As we note elsewhere, alarmist rumors in regard to attempted Japanese domination in China were largely disposed of last week by assurances given by the Japanese Government to Ambassador Guthrie in Tokio, who summarizes the situation by saying that "there was nothing in the demands infringing the sovereignty of China, and nothing impairing the Root-Takahira agreement." Similar assurances in regard to the recent treaty of alliance between Japan and Russia, as threatening the "open door" in China, have been formally made to the State Department from both Tokio and Petrograd. Announcement to this effect was made by Secretary Lansing on September 14.

Villa, the oft-deceased, came to life on September 16, when his forces, according to the dispatches, under his direct command, attacked Chihuahua City. They were driven out with heavy losses by Carranzista troops under Gen. Trevino.

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The Week

The tour which Mr. Hughes began on Monday carries him through the Middle Western territory in which the Progressive vote counts most, and "plans are on foot to rally Republicans and Progressives about the Hughes banner in a series of love-feasts." A series of dispatches concerning the attitude of Progressives comes to warn the candidate of the substantial nature of his task. The Progressive Harry Garfield, head of Williams College, has become, with Charles W. Eliot, a vice-president of the Woodrow Wilson League. Charles H. Davis, formerly of Philadelphia, and one of the men financing the party, is stated by the Philadelphia *Record* to be a member. John M. Parker, abandoning hope for his party, is to stump the Middle West against the Hughes ticket. The *Ohio State Journal*, one of the most influential papers of the State, formerly Republican with Progressive leanings, has become a Wilson organ. Senator La Follette, imitating Gov. Johnson of California, has found that a previous engagement will prevent his taking part in the "love-feast" arranged for Hughes in Wisconsin. Probably the letter of Amos Pinchot in support of Wilson will trouble the Republicans less than any of these announcements. But Hughes will need to watch his step, and if his speeches are to abandon the direction which many have thought merely nagging, and to become directly argumentative on a few large topics, those topics must be considered carefully. In more than one State the high-tariff talk that helped nominate La Follette will not be taken kindly.

One perfectly valid criticism of Mr. Hughes's recent speeches—as, indeed, of practically all Republican declarations—relates to their easy-going assumption regarding conditions of international trade after the war. The problem is by no means simple. On the face of things, the inference that, the instant peace returns, the present belligerents will begin "dumping" manufactured goods on a huge scale upon the prosperous American market, and at prices which our own manufacturers could not meet, seems plausible. Europe will be poor; heavily indebted to the outside world; eager to regain its lost export trade. Naturally, the mind of inveterate protectionists is convinced that only recourse to vastly higher tariff duties will save our industries from ruin. But the case is not so plain as this. The Associated Press correspondent who, at Berlin, recently interviewed Philip Heineken, director of the North German Lloyd, reported that excellent authority as "scouting" the theory. "Whatever stocks of manufactured articles," he declared, "might have been on hand at the outbreak of the war had naturally been utilized in Germany, and there had been no replenishment of these supplies." In this view, he agrees entirely with other German experts. The head of one of the largest manufacturing plants in Germany stated with equal frankness, a few months ago, that industrial Germany would need at least a year and a half of peace "merely to supply our own markets with the things that had been used up during the war."

The industrial commission sent to the United States by France last year to ascertain what American manufactures France could depend on purchasing on return of peace stated publicly that such French importations would be much larger than before the war, since "complete equipment will have to be put into the devastated districts." All trustworthy European information has, in fact, confirmed the view expressed by the late James J. Hill, in a statement to the *Evening Post* last December, that there appears to be "no economic possibility of the flooding of our markets by the products of Europe," and that, "while our exports cannot continue in any such volume as at present, it seems certain that European reconstruction will call upon us for assistance for some time to come, and European economic competition be correspondingly weak." Nothing is absolutely certain as to the course of things in this obscure economic period which lies before us. But the perfectly well-known facts that industrial Europe's supply of able-bodied laborers will be enormously depleted by losses in battle, that wages can hardly be reduced in Europe under such conditions and with taxation at the height it will then have reached, and that Europe's own requirements for reconstruction will be enormous, cannot justly be ignored in any forecast. It would be refreshing to hear some intelligent discussion of these problems from the political orators, instead of the shallow argument and cocksure assumption, with the protectionist brand of 1888, to which we have thus far had to listen.

The newly instituted Military Training Commission of the State of New York has two distinct functions: one to recommend to the Board of Regents courses of *physical* instruction for all the boys and girls over eight years old in the schools of the State, the other to supervise *military* training for all boys between sixteen and eighteen who are not at work or specially exempted. The Commission is composed of Major-Gen. John F. O'Ryan, commanding the National Guard; John H. Finley, president of the University of the State of New York, and Dr. George J. Fisher, secretary of the physical department of the international committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. This Commission, in a report made on September 14, has discharged the first of its obligations by laying before the Regents a set of recommendations for the compulsory physical training of the boys and girls in the schools. Nothing appears to have been done as yet with regard to the military training feature. On that subject *one of the members of the Commission* expressed himself in the following language:

> Personally, I regard the Military Training bill as one of the most un-American and undemocratic pieces of legislation ever passed in any State.

We could hardly ask for a more vigorous expression of our own views.

For a month Villa's forces have engaged in occasional fighting near Satevo, a hundred miles south of Pershing's southernmost base. At the beginning of September they attacked, with 1,000 men, an inferior column of Carranza's troops near Santa Ysabel, but were thrown off; on Saturday they made a spectacular raid into Chihuahua, and were repulsed with heavy losses. The outcome of all this fighting is such as to strengthen confidence in the ability of the de-facto Government to hold its own, and to check possible sentiment in favor of the Villistas among the population. It is very unlikely that the leaders have acted with an eye to affecting the conferences at New London; their range of vision cannot extend so far. They probably hoped to make a quick, successful raid upon a Carranzista centre at the moment its celebration of the national festival left it unguarded, and to bolster their waning cause among sympathizers there. In their failure is to be emphasized the fact that, since the dispatch of the militia, the Villistas are confined to petty descents from the Durango Mountains, and dare not approach the border. Evidence accumulates that Mexico is fast being pacified, except a small area that defies penetration.

The British on the Somme, the Italians on the Carso, the Serbs, French, British in Macedonia, all announcing in the same day's

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report ground gained, guns and prisoners taken, and hitting out on every other front, Verdun, Dvinsk, Mesopotamia—that was the situation at the end of last week, and it was more significant than the specific gains recorded. For the moment too much cannot be said of this unity of front, this uniform pressure which is being applied almost by the stop-watch. For it means that the war is now being fought according to the desire and needs of the Allies, and not according to the will of Germany. Let it be recalled what has been written and said in Germany about the method by which the Kaiser was to conquer a world of foes—a succession of quick strokes, now here, now there, one enemy knocked out while the other was scrambling to his feet. That is all past. The moral effect cannot be overestimated. Even in the absence of a concrete victory, a nation will draw encouragement from the thought that victory is only delayed, that all is well so long as the war goes on as we want it to go on. This was the reason of German confidence long after the great disappointment on the Marne. This is the reason of Allied confidence to-day. To only one sector of the great tightening circle does Germany now look for relief. That is in the Dobrudja, where Mackensen is evidently trying to deliver one of the old-fashioned knockout blows. Everywhere else the Allied pressure is getting home.

Conscription having been accepted in England, it is natural that men more hotheaded than sagacious should be urging it on the dominions. Premier Hughes has returned to Australia to propose that the system of compulsory training adopted there against Asiatic perils be converted into one of compulsory service in Europe—a very different matter. As yet he has by no means converted even his own Labor party, and is threatening to turn to the other Parliamentary elements for support. Australia may well desire to gratify liberal sentiment throughout the British Empire by restraining her Premier in this and other matters. Meanwhile, nearer home, Sir George Foster, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce, is declaring that "if more men are needed and will not voluntarily go, the lesson of Great Britain will have to be learned in Canada." As the Dominion has enlisted over 350,000 soldiers for the crown, and has put over 100,000 of them on the fighting line, there are those who think it is doing its bit well. It must be admitted, however, that the indifference of the French-Canadians to the war they should help fight leads many to look upon conscription with more tolerance than they otherwise would.

The specialists in Japanese unscrupulousness and Japanese guile who stand on guard along the Pacific from San Diego to Puget Sound armed with copies of Mr. Hearst's publications will refuse to be hoodwinked by the formal assurances from Tokio and Petrograd that the two Governments in their recent treaty have renewed their pledges with regard to Chinese sovereignty and the open door. What is the mere statement of a couple of Foreign Offices as compared with the esoteric knowledge of the menacing movements of the Japanese navy which Mr. Hearst draws upon? There are such things as secret treaties, are there not? Well, then, show us the secret treaty or the secret clauses that have passed between Japan and Russia. But the ordinary, untranscendental citizen will read with satisfaction of the latest reaffirmation of a policy in China based on a set of dual arrangements, the Root-Takahira agreement, the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and now the Russo-Japanese alliance. The facile manipulator of international politics will argue that by their treaties with Japan, both Great Britain and Russia have given Japan a free hand in China. Common-sense indicates that even in the present hour of crisis neither Great Britain nor Russia is prepared to sacrifice old and extensive interests in the Far East.

Between the Russo-Japanese treaty and the revival of the Russian armies during the last four months the connection is plain. Japanese munitions have played a very important part in Brussiloff's offensive. But it is not the every-day output of the Japanese factories alone, even working at top speed, that will account for the prodigal expenditure of shell on the Russian front which has aroused the wonder of Russia's enemies. There is another source of supply, and that is the Japanese arsenals. On this point a letter from Tokio in the *Evening Post* of Wednesday of last week is explicit: "It is true that Russia wanted much: a wholesale transfer of Japan's enormous and adequate munition stores to the Russian battle-front. No less a personage than the leading representative of the Imperial house of Russia had to come to Tokio and interview the Emperor before Japan could be induced to yield." Incidentally, it is characteristic of Japanese guile that Tokio should consent to hand over its ammunition reserves to a recent enemy who would, as likely as not, seize the chance to turn Japan's weapons against herself; precisely as Carranza has made use of American ammunition to make war on us.

The primary contest in Illinois last week was one in which rival machines spent unprecedented sums and generated unusual bitterness; the large vote called out has made the decision on both Republican and Democratic sides emphatic. Among the Democrats the Dunne-Harrison faction has defeated the Sullivan group, which was backing W. B. Brinton against the Governor's candidacy for renomination, by the gratifying majority of 80,000. The Sullivan men had wisely refrained from coming out openly for Brinton until a few days before the contest, but emerged in time to give the voters an opportunity to show a merited dislike for them. With the Republicans the outstanding result is the equally decisive victory of the Lowden machine over the Deneen-West machine in the latter's support of Morton D. Hull against Lowden. The Deneen forces failed to get President James, of the State University, who had been promised the support of the Progressives under Funk, to run on their side; and Hull was a second-choice candidate of slender appeal. The contest between Lowden and Dunne for the Governorship will be much more interesting than such contests usually are in Illinois. Dunne has made a satisfactory Governor, is strong with the labor vote, and should attract Progressives whom the standpat farmer of Sinnissippi repels. In the other contests especial satisfaction will be found in the defeat administered to ex-Senator Lorimer in his efforts to win a nomination for the House as a "vindication." It was not expected that the Second District would lose its chance of having a Speaker by failing to nominate Mann, but his majority of 15,000 is surprising.

It should not be overlooked that the Blease-Manning contest in South Carolina throws a curious sidelight upon the primary system there. In the first or "run-off" election there were six candidates. Blease led by such a wide margin that Manning, the second in place, for all his excellent record as Governor and his possession of a name known through three generations in State politics, was 20,000 votes behind him. Yet in the final contest Manning had a majority approaching 5,000. The fact is evident that in the first election the adherents of Blease threw their votes in a body, while many who preferred Manning scattered theirs among the four other candidates. Had a mere plurality in the first been decisive,

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Blease would have been the next Governor of the State. The gratifying result of the fact that the double election system prevails in the State points to a defect in the direct primary as it exists in many commonwealths.

It has not been the fortune of Seth Low to command the kind of public applause which often goes to citizens whose substantial achievements for the advancement of the general good have been far less than his. In the Mayoralty of Greater New York, to which post he was chosen by a splendid uprising of reforming sentiment, he was not an unqualified success. He lacked certain personal attributes—personal magnetism was one of them—which go far towards determining the degree in which a man, confronted with so complex and so novel a situation as that with which he had to grapple, shall triumph over the manifold difficulties and perversities of his environment. But to admit these limitations is not to deny him one of the highest places among the men who, during the past forty years, have greatly served this city and the country. Indeed, it may well be claimed for him that of all the citizens of New York he best represented the ideal of all-round, continuous, and successful devotion to the public good.

His services as Mayor of Brooklyn have passed into the general history of that gradual process by which has been overcome the peculiar fatalism which accepted almost as a dogma that municipal government in America was a failure. In a wholly different field his service is, we fear, too little remembered by the general public. It was his accession to the presidency of Columbia that marked the launching of that ancient institution of learning upon its career as a great university. Before that time it had been content to play the part of a respectable American college, with some of the attributes of a university indeed, and of course with a sprinkling of superior men in its faculty, but with almost no standing among the large influences in the promotion of the higher intellectual activities of the country. Mr. Low was actuated at once by loyalty to his alma mater and by a fine realization of his duties and privileges as an American citizen, in his ambition to make of Columbia a university worthy of the foremost city of this continent, an institution playing a leading part in the advancement of learning and the diffusion of knowledge in the nation. In his extraordinary success in the acquisition of great material resources for the University, he was aided alike by his own liberality—of which the splendid library building on Morningside will ever remain a monument—and by the firmness of his resolve to carry out a plan so ambitious that it must at first have seemed to most men beyond reasonable prospect of attainment. Its realization should ever be remembered with gratitude to the man to whom, above all others, it was due.

In the recollections of those who have had the privilege of a life-long acquaintance with Royce, the image of the serene and benevolent sage who has been so impressive a figure in the Harvard life of these latter years will not have effaced the picturesque figure of the young red-haired Californian, whose massive brow, big eyes, and overflowing talkativeness, as well as his already acknowledged genius, formed one of the most striking features of the circle at Johns Hopkins University in the romantic years of its beginning. Between that time and the death which we regret to have to record to-day, have intervened two-score years of high intellectual and spiritual striving; but perhaps nothing bears stronger witness to his elevation of mind and soul alike than his noble utterances concerning the present war. No brief quotation can do justice to them; but we must find space for these concluding words of his in a letter relating to the crime of the Lusitania:

> The single deed is indeed only a comparatively petty event when compared with the stupendous crimes which fill this war. But the sinking of the Lusitania has the advantage of being a deed which not only cannot be denied, but which has been proudly proclaimed as expressing the appeal that Germany now makes to all humanity. About that appeal I am not neutral. I know that that appeal expresses utter contempt for everything which makes the common life of humanity tolerable or possible. I know that if the principle of that appeal is accepted, whatever makes home or country or family or friends, or any form of loyalty worthily dear, is made an object of a perfectly deliberate and merciless assault. About such policies and their principles, about such appeals, and about the Prince who makes them, and about his underlings who serve him, I have no longer any neutrality to keep.

With the death of Josiah Royce, there passes away the second of the two men who, during the past quarter-century, have represented at its highest philosophical thought in America. The eminence of William James was more widely and impressively recognized in Europe than even in his own country, as was amply evidenced in the remarkable tributes paid to him on the occasion of his death by the most distinguished philosophical writers of the Old World. If the name of Royce is less conspicuous, this may perhaps be sufficiently accounted for by the more abstruse character of the subjects with which he dealt and of the theses which he upheld. A rare and high personality as well as an extraordinary intellect, Josiah Royce was one of the most potent influences in the domain of high thinking in America.

In different columns of the same morning newspaper appear two items of prison news. One is an extract from a letter which James M. Carter, Superintendent of State Prisons, has sent to all the Wardens:

> While this Department would, under certain conditions, be glad to let the public know of the work being done in the penal institutions, it is a fact, nevertheless, that publicity can be overdone, and to the disadvantage of the prison system. The struggle for publicity, as it is termed by some, should not be given substantiation by newspaper headlines. There is information, however, which will get to the public, and to which the Department does not object. But the practice of featuring convicts and indiscriminate prison advertising cannot be helpful.

The other is a sentence from a two-column article on the two "bad men" Thomas Mott Osborne has brought down from Clinton Prison to Sing Sing to give them the benefit of Mutual Welfare League conditions:

> When the reporter asked for permission to interview the men, Warden Osborne gave his consent at once, contingent upon the willingness of the men, and the reporter talked to each of the prisoners separately for as long a time as he desired, and with no prison officials or other person within hearing distance.

The "interviews" are published. This exploitation of individual inmates is precisely the kind of publicity to which Superintendent Carter objects, and rightly objects.

We are becoming used to daily new evidence of the rising cost of living, but an especial pang will be caused some readers by the fact that the cheap classics can no longer be so cheap. Messrs. Nelson, in London, have announced the advance of their Shilling Library to a shilling and threepence, and of their Sevenpenny Library to ninepence. Simultaneously, the Everyman's Library has advanced from thirty-five and seventy-five cents a volume to forty and eighty. Before the war there was talk of lowering the price of current fiction from its six-shilling level, but of course it is now firmly intrenched there. Yet maintenance of high prices, especially if it should repress the stream of semi-worthless matter that still pours from the press, may be viewed with comparative equanimity.

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THE RESULT IN MAINE.

The figures show that Maine was carried by the Republicans by a plurality almost reaching the highest claim made by Republican managers before the election. The figure usually named by them for the Governorship was 13,000, and the highest estimate we remember to have seen was 15,000. The Republican candidate for Governor has won by a plurality of about 13,500; the two Senators win by pluralities of 12,500 and 9,500, respectively. The difference between the votes for Senatorship and Governorship may safely be ascribed to the personal superiority of the Democratic candidates over their opponents. Hale's weakness, in particular, has all along been a distinctly acknowledged factor; yet his plurality fell short of that of the head of the ticket by only 4,000, his vote being about 2,000 short of that for Milliken, while his opponent, Johnson, the present Democratic Senator from Maine, received about 2,000 more votes than Curtis, the Democratic candidate for Governor. In the other Senatorship contest, where this personal element was less of a factor, the discrepancy between the vote for the Governorship and that for the Senatorship was only a few hundred in each party; a trifling difference in a total vote of 145,000.

Whatever Democrats may say for publication about this showing, there can be no doubt that they feel it to be highly discouraging. Any talk along the line of "as Maine goes, so goes the nation" is foolishness; Maine has never been, in that sense, a trustworthy barometer. But when a fight has been so hotly waged by national figures of the highest prominence in a State like Maine, and when the result shows the voting to have been so strictly on party lines, the indication which so clear-cut an outcome affords of general tendencies in the nation, while by no means conclusive, is unquestionably significant. It is agreed on all hands that the crucial question as to the outcome in November is, how will the Progressives vote? As for the Maine Progressives, this question is pretty clearly answered. The Republican candidate for Governor got 80,000 votes, which is 5,000 more than the combined vote of Roosevelt and Taft in 1912; and, while it is true that the Democratic candidate's vote of 67,000 surpasses that given to Wilson in 1912 by 16,000, it is to be remembered that in Maine Roosevelt's enormous poll of 48,000 must have included a large number of Democratic votes. The Republican Progressives of Maine have gone fairly solidly back to the old party; a conclusion further indicated by comparison of the present figures with those of the Governorship in 1914. In that election the Republican candidate got 59,000 votes and the Progressive 18,000—a total of 77,000, while Milliken last week got 3,000 more; and the Democratic candidate got 62,000, which was surpassed by Curtis in the present election by less than 5,000. If the Progressives of 1912 throughout the Union were to act like those of Maine, Wilson would certainly be defeated.

To assume that anything of this kind will actually happen would, indeed, be rash in the extreme; Maine acts peculiarly in many ways, and in fact was extremely peculiar in this very matter of Rooseveltian Progressivism, her vote of almost two to one for Roosevelt as against Taft being in striking contrast with the action of the other New England States. What Maine Progressives have done gives no sure indication of what California, or Illinois, or even Connecticut Progressives will do. The trouble is that so much is needed to give Wilson the election; nothing short of the establishment of a really strong hold on elements which in 1912 were not to be found in the Democratic ranks can turn the minority votes which carried State after State for him by pluralities against a split opposition into majority votes. And the ominous thing about the Maine election is that it fails to give any sign of such an achievement. Ours is in some ways an extremely heterogeneous country, but in others it is as remarkably homogeneous. It is rarely that a drift marked enough to be nationally important fails to show itself in every part of the Union, unless the matter involved expressly concerns sectional interests or prejudices. It would be foolish to regard the single State of Maine, with its comparatively small population, as a trustworthy index of the state of mind of the whole nation; but it is idle to pretend that no national significance is to be attached to its political attitude.

Two specific points in connection with the result in Maine may be mentioned with unalloyed satisfaction. The first has relation to the silly claims of German-American mischief-makers as to their pretended domination of American politics, and the use they intend to make of it to "punish Wilson." In Maine this element did not enter at all; the number of persons of German or Austrian birth or parentage in that State is utterly negligible. If it had been otherwise, we may be quite certain that the result would have been claimed by this noisy breed as a victory for themselves. The other point is even more important. Had the outcome been unfavorable to the Republicans, the blame would undoubtedly have been put by many upon Mr. Hughes for his courageous denunciation of the abject surrender at Washington to the railway Brotherhoods. As it is, the party managers will be encouraged to stand by Mr. Hughes in his attitude on this vital question. If only the candidate himself would now be keyed up to fuller and more statesmanlike utterance on the large questions of the day generally—even on this labor question itself—it would be a thing to be grateful for.

AN INTELLECTUAL CAMPAIGN?

When it became plain that the candidates for the Presidency this year would be Hughes and Wilson, probably no remark was more frequently made than that the country would now be treated to the experience of a campaign on a high intellectual plane. Three months have passed since the nominations, and thus far there has been extremely little realization of any expectation of the kind. Intellectual quality has not only not been present in unusual degree, but has been conspicuously absent. A signal exception must be made, it is true; President Wilson's speech of acceptance was a masterly performance, and its power lay not in mere felicity of expression, but in real persuasiveness and substantial force. But, making due allowance for this, it is still true that there has been an almost complete absence of effective discussion of large and at the same time definite questions along the lines of genuine political controversy. From Mr. Hughes, in particular, the country had the right to expect this kind of discussion. It is with the close examination of large questions that he has been steadily engaged from the beginning of his public career both as Governor of New York and as Justice of the Supreme Court. And the silence which he felt to be strictly imposed upon him by the proprieties of the situation during the incubation of his candidacy made doubly incumbent upon him the duty of full and enlightening utterance when he entered the field as his party's nominee.

Seven weeks still remain of the campaign, and it is to be hoped that before long something of the character that has thus far been lacking will yet be given to it. What we have in mind is not pedantic political disquisitions, nor yet high-flown oratory; but we do mean that the American people would

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welcome a few comprehensive and well-thought-out speeches, something that they could read with interest and sustained attention, something that would mean a real confrontation of opposing arguments. Even so, we are quite aware both of the proneness of the public to be bored by anything that calls for much mental exertion and of the infinite capacity of certain particular subjects to excite this feeling of boredom. The tariff, for example, though it will unquestionably have a decisive influence on millions of votes, is a subject that has been threshed out so often that any handling of it other than the briefest would have to be of a most extraordinary character in order to attract genuine interest. On the tariff issue people will be aligned according to long-established preferences rather than any new wisdom that they may acquire about it. But there are other issues which figure in a fresh light at the present time; and there are two at least that are distinctly new and peculiar to the present campaign—that of Mexico and that of the recent eight-hour legislation. There is no doubt that the voters would read with avidity what might be said about them in a large and illuminating way by the foremost figures in the campaign; and to a statement of the sort we have in mind, particularly from the Republican candidate, the public is entitled, not only by the nature of the case, but by the traditions of American politics.

The announcement has just been made that President Wilson has decided to take up the cudgels on the recent eight-hour legislation at Washington. Upon this issue, Mr. Hughes has spoken, not only with courage, but with clearness; his manner of meeting it has been wonderfully effective in reviving in men's minds the idea of him that was foremost in the period preceding his nomination. But if Mr. Wilson accepts the challenge, we trust that Mr. Hughes will not content himself with merely reiterating his own position and reëmphasizing his condemnation of that of his opponent. No better opportunity for public enlightenment could possibly present itself; no better chance to gain respect by an assertion both of intellectual power and of genuine political conviction. For the essence of Hughes's objection turns neither on the merits of the increase in wages which the bill jammed through Congress directly confers nor on the merits of the eight-hour day the establishment of which it is said the President will contend is the real object served by the bill.

To dig right down to the heart of the thing; to show that, whether it was a concession of extorted largesse or vital action upon a great and permanent social question, the method by which it was accomplished was in the highest degree vicious and dangerous; to point out the woful inconsistency between the plea on which it was first urged—that it would be accompanied by legislation making future situations of the kind impossible—and the thing that was actually done; in short, to grapple with the whole question and bring out all that it signifies to the integrity of American government—this would be a task worthy of the best powers of a political leader. The successful performance of it could not fail to redound to Mr. Hughes's prestige and to advance his prospects.

We cannot presume to say why nothing of this nature has been done by Mr. Hughes thus far in the campaign. But one reason is obvious. He wishes to "show himself to the voters," and that on a very liberal scale. That something is accomplished by this process, we would not deny; but there is a gross delusion as to its importance. Mr. Hughes, on his return to New York, eagerly denied the reports that his personal appearances in the West were not a success. In point of fact, however interesting the matter may seem to the candidate himself, the significance of the question is extremely limited. The audiences that a candidate meets are a small fraction of the population, and a selected fraction at that, not a sample to be relied on; if they were, Mr. Bryan would have been elected by an overwhelming majority in 1896. Moreover, Mr. Hughes has perhaps of all men the best reason to know how much more potent in attaching the public are other means of making a candidate known. It was in the face of all the talk about his coldness, and his beard, and the rest of it, that, without stirring a finger, he received the unmistakable call of the masses of his party to the nomination. They wanted him because of his public acts and words, as recorded in the newspaper press. And so to-day, let him but make a strong, significant speech, a speech devoted to adequate and illuminating discussion of a large question, and his audience will be the whole people of the United States. Not only so, but it will be a more truly interested audience, an audience that will better weigh, and better remember, what he says, than the most delighted assemblage whose beaming faces and clapping hands may greet his genial smile and his snappy assertions as he stops for a few hours at Walla Walla or Prairie City.

JOFFRE AND THE MARNE.

In two years of war many reputations have dimmed and vanished. Yet the notable thing is that the outstanding names of the first September of the war are the outstanding names of its third September. In Germany, after the great disappointment of the Marne, consolation and hope centred in von Hindenburg. He is to-day the leader of all the German armies, and his second is von Mackensen, who was a corps commander in the first battle of the Mazurian Lakes. The Russian armies overran Galicia in the first September under Russki and Brussiloff, and these two now divide between them all of Russia's western front. In the west Sir John French has made way for Sir Douglas Haig, but the supreme commander of the British forces from the beginning was Joffre, and he is that to-day. And Joffre's assistants to-day are the same men who won for him the battle which saved France and the Allied cause. Castelnau, who threw back the Kaiser's armies in front of Nancy, in the first month of the war, has thrown back the Germans from in front of Verdun. The German centre in the Marne was broken by Foch, and he is now battering at the German lines on the Somme. The Crown Prince's army was pushed back from Verdun by Sarrail, and he is now in command in Macedonia.

But it is to Joffre himself that the wonder and gratitude of the nation have turned on the third anniversary of the decisive battle of the war. Joffre, too, had his days of adversity. In the long months of deadlock that began with the battle of the Aisne, two years ago, there was much grumbling at the policy of the steadfast and clear-eyed commander-in-chief. Cabal did not spare him. He touched his lowest fortunes a few months ago, when popular opinion made him responsible for the intention to abandon Verdun. To-day all this is forgotten, under the stimulus of victory on the Somme and in the pious mood awakened by the anniversary of the Marne. For Frenchmen need only have their thoughts brought back to the "miracle" that was worked two years ago last week to recognize how inestimable was the service rendered by Joffre, how nothing which has happened since or is likely to happen can counterbalance that one supreme achievement. More than that, France, though it speaks of the "miracle" of the Marne, is now saying that it was not a miracle in the sense of being unexpected and unearned, but that everything that occurred in the second week of September, 1914, had

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been foreseen, planned, determined by the mind of Joffre. Of this nature is the statement attributed to Millerand, Minister of War at the time, that as early as August 25, twelve days before Joffre made his stand, every one of his army groups had been assigned to a station which they did later occupy, and that as early as August 27 the gathering of the army of Manoury had begun around Paris. The precipitateness of the retreat from the Belgian frontier almost to the Seine was not forced, but voluntary. The Germans were lured into a trap.

This is exaggeration. When we speak of a trap we mean something that is certain and remorseless in its operation, once the bait has been seized. The Marne would have been a trap if the Germans had there been brought face to face with such overwhelming numbers as to make defeat inevitable. Or it would have been a trap if they had been enticed into a greater Sedan. Neither was the case. At the Marne the Allies were still greatly inferior in number, though the odds had somewhat improved. The German road to retreat was always open. Far from operating with the certainty of a trap, the battle of the Marne depended for its success on a prodigious French effort all along the line. Castelnau had first to beat back the Germans from Nancy. Sarrail had to learn the lesson of the 42-centimetre and by hastily built earthworks ward off the Crown Prince from Verdun. Foch had to break the German centre. Manoury had to turn von Kluck's right. It was a delicate adjustment of many parts, with no absolute guarantee of perfect functioning. To suppose that Joffre deliberately went back beyond the Marne all the way from Belgium in order to trap the Germans would be absurd.

No commander-in-chief will postpone a victory till the day after to-morrow if he can win to-day. When Joffre attacked during the first weeks of the war, in Belgium, Lorraine, and Alsace, he was fighting for victory, though it is doubtless true that he was not over-sanguine. He failed and fell back—not all the way beyond the Marne at first. As a matter of fact, Manoury's army, which was thrown against the German right wing in the battle of the Marne, had been brought down in part from Amiens, where Joffre may have hoped to make a stand along the lines of the Somme and the Oise, and where he did win a victory at Guise. Only Manoury's raw army was not yet strong enough. So Joffre fell back again, this time to the Marne, while Manoury's army was shipped to Paris and strengthened. By that time, too, reinforcements had come up in the shape of Foch's new army of the centre. Had Manoury still been too weak, had Foch been too late, it is certain that the retreat would have been continued to the Seine and the attempt once more made.

And yet there was a plan for the great battle. There was foresight and preparation. Joffre won the victory by his use of the Mass of Manœuvre or General Reserves which was one of the principles of the French strategy. He foresaw the dislocation which would ensue in the German line rushing forward at express speed. He foresaw the attack on von Kluck; perhaps he foresaw more than that—he probably hoped that von Kluck would be held fast by the British so that Manoury might not only strike in on the flank, but get full in the rear. These things, as a general scheme, he anticipated. But that he foresaw the exact line on which the thing would take place, the precise villages and streams where the German front broke, is not so likely. Nor is such an hypothesis necessary in order to justify Joffre's place among the great captains of all time.

HORACE WHITE.

It is with a sort of proud sorrow that we record the death of Horace White, who from the time when he was editor of the *Evening Post* had been most closely associated with the *Nation*. The mournful thought that we shall not look upon his face again cannot displace the abiding satisfaction which all who knew him must take in his full years of life and work. To those in this office who marked his comings and goings through a long period of service, the bereavement means, first of all, the loss of the truest of friends. For above all else it was Mr. White's character that set him apart from other men. He abounded in those little acts of kindness and of love which make a man's memory fragrant among his associates. His sympathy was as constant as the appeals made to it, and he had a heart open as day. He nothing common did or mean. In his largely moulded nature, small motives never found a place. The firm texture of his simple goodness gave way under no strain. He was a man, everybody felt, to trust and tie to. Not incapable of scorn and wrath, when base deeds and evil men had to be confronted, his predominant traits were all benevolent. No gentler, sweeter soul ever rounded out a more benignant life.

Horace White was American from the feet up and the head down. His early contacts were with the free spirit of the West. In his young manhood he had the great good fortune to be thrown much with Abraham Lincoln. From him Mr. White absorbed political virtue that never left him. He had unbounded faith in democracy and the future of the republic. But this was on condition that both of them sailed true to their chart. Hence it was that such an upstart as American Imperialism filled the soul of Horace White with amazement and indignation. He had not so read the destiny of his country. The buying of islanders like sheep, and ruling them without their consent, went counter to all the ideas which came to him as from the American soil. It at once affronted his principles and hurt his ideals.

A man of varied scholarship and wide reading, Mr. White gave most attention to finance and economics. Here he was a master. Having acquired a firm grasp of the fundamental truths, he applied them with a large sagacity to every current problem. He never got lost in the forest of details. Not for him the wide-drawn speculation, or the novelties of reasoning, only to be expressed in mathematical symbols. Rugged good sense and downright argument were his sufficient stock in trade. And as it was said of him years ago by an eminent banker, it seemed to be Mr. White's function to sit as a schoolmaster and correct the ill-conditioned and unruly boys of finance who turned up in public from time to time. No one surpassed him in shooting at this kind of folly as it flew. As it has been written of another: "The specialty of his mind was a strong simplicity: he took a plain, obvious view of every subject which came before him. Ingenuities, refinements, and specious fallacies might be suggested around him in any number or in any variety, but *his mind was complication-proof*. He went steadily through each new ambiguity, each new distinction, as it presented itself." After years of such work, Mr. White came to have a reputation unrivalled for massive and trustworthy judgment in matters financial. You might be puzzled, but if you went to Horace White with your doubt, you got a straight and clear answer.

His was a most kindly nature, but he was a just man. Acts of cruelty made his benevolent face grow stern; and breach of faith, on the part of individuals or a nation, brought flaming words from him. Yet this attitude of his was in a way impersonal. It was not chiefly his own sense of outrage and condemnation to which he gave utterance; but you felt that somehow through him the accumulated judgments of all who had gone

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before him, the verdicts of history itself, were finding a voice. This was vividly illustrated in his reaction to the war in Europe. Its outbreak found him in failing health, but every faculty of his mind, every instinct of his soul, was roused into revolt by the invasion of Belgium. In his person, as it were, American feeling came to the judgment-seat, and the opinion of posterity was anticipated. It would be hard to find a stronger evidence of the criminal folly of the German rulers than the way in which their trampling upon Belgium filled with righteous anger the heart of that great admirer of Germany—but that ardent lover of right—Horace White. His thought for the past two years was all of victory for the right, and it was characteristic that, when invited to contribute an article to the semi-centennial number of the *Nation* in July, 1915, he declined on the ground that all he could bring himself to write of was the duty of this country in furnishing munitions to the Allies. When a friend recently expressed concern for his physical ailments, he said with fine bravado: "This is no time for a man to die. I want to live to see this war ended, and ended *right*." His wish, alas, was not granted; yet to the last he was steadfast in the unconquerable belief that, when the end of the war came, it would be seen that "He who worketh high and wise" had not left off doing justice on the great sinners of earth.

Foreign Correspondence

UNITY OF ACTION, UNITY OF FRONT—ONE BATTLE, ONE ENEMY.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, September 1.

Sunday opened this week well. Two more declarations of war—Italy against Germany, Rumania against Austria-Hungary; and on Monday Germany against Rumania, making thirty-two declarations of war which fifteen belligerent nations have made criss-cross one against another. San Marino, the oldest republic, was only a few days behind young Italy in proclaiming her desire to fight Austria. Japan was in almost at the beginning. And now Rumania enters the war just after Maximilian Harden, the German *enfant terrible*, had assured his countrymen: "Rumania will come in for the end and be found on the victor's side."

Before this letter is printed, all and more than all the particulars will be known. The common opinion of Paris and France, and doubtless of the world, gives Prime Minister Briand a great deal of the credit. His telegram to Prime Minister Bratiano contains one of his formulas: "The French nation whole and entire applauds the decision by which Rumania courageously takes her place among the defenders of the cause of right and civilization." For it has come to that—human civilization against material kultur, right against might, free government of human wills against absolute government of men as part of an organized machine, the collective will of men rising from below up instead of being imposed from above down *manu militari*. This, too, in somewhat primitive fashion, is the guiding impulse of Rumania waiting to gather into one nation all the mixed descendants of Roman soldiers and aboriginal Getae and Dacians. Language and legends and prophetic aspirations have kept them in spiritual unity—the hour has struck for their unity as a nation.

Nulla Getis toto gens est truculentior orbe.

Such is the force of all Irredentism, as German military men and professors are learning together to their cost. Perhaps their people will learn it later.

A quarter of a century ago or so, a sallow-skinned, dark-bearded stranger climbed to my sixth-floor room in Paris, to enlist my sympathies—and my journalism—in the cause of his Rumanian brothers ground beneath the heel of Hungarian tyranny in their native Transylvania. There were three millions of them, he explained—and they had only one Deputy in the Hungarian Parliament out of more than four hundred, though they formed one-sixth of the total population. Taxation (and many another imposition) without representation over again.

—Mother dear,
You may have your tea when it's steeped enough,
But never a tax from me,
No threepenny tax from me.

That was our own fathers' decision for which they fought seven years to a finish against a mother country, but these Rumanians have waited until now, Magyarized by a race alien in blood and language and religion, and all human traditions. Their day has come, up into the Banat of Temesvar—and over into Russian Bessarabia, since the Allies have had their full part in the decision. And here, too, Prime Minister Briand has the credit popularly. Before him the Allies' diplomacy among the Balkans was an ineffectual fire, paling steadily. Turkey and Bulgaria, and Greece so far as she dared, turned successively to the German rising sun. Rumania waited.

What would have happened if ex-Prime Minister Clemenceau had had his way and the French expedition to Salonica, with all the sad example of the English at Gallipoli, had been prevented? When M. Briand came to power years ago he promised the French people "a policy of realizations." He has realized much since then, against politicians who pleaded party ideals and principles. Clemenceau, from the platform of his paper, cried day after day that the men of the expedition were needed by France on her own front—"the Prussians are at Noyon." Perhaps all his ability is for the smaller tactics, and not for the larger strategy. Briand, more supple and trained to look into human realities, held to Salonica. He has had his persuasive way with Parliament in France—and with England and Russia and Italy. And waiting Rumania has decided.

The policy is that of France, and Prime Minister Briand has been its traveller. Often, it has been whispered in Paris, M. Briand is in London or in Rome or farther afield. Then the springtime came and all the burden of resistance to German attack seemed resting on the French at Verdun. French breasts were the wall holding out against the utmost efforts of Germany's biggest guns. When would the Allies be ready to help save?

In May, the policy of which M. Briand had given the formula, became a reality—unity of action with unity of front for one battle against one enemy. It is something more than the life-saving in one of our boys' books long ago, where people on the shore draw the storm-tossed ship through the breakers—"a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together." It is the fighting all together, instead of each Ally fighting for himself.

The unity of action is easiest understood. Who shall ever tell the immense sacrifices of the French at Verdun while they held the enemy until England and Russia and Italy could get ready to attack? Now Salonica's expedition has come in, with immediate results. That is, German armies can no longer dash at will from one side to the other within their fighting circle, because their armies are needed against attack at every point from the outside. Even the man in the street knows all about it by this time. The result is unity of the Allies' front, so that their one battle strikes the one enemy under united command, now along the Somme and now at Gorizia, and then in the Vardar valley or Bukovina. Those who read this will know if the Dobrudja and Transylvanian Alps are to be added to the one battlefield—and if the old prophecy shall be realized, that the beginning of the end of this war shall be in Constantinople.

Shutting our eyes at terrible realities of the present, there are reminiscences of the past which time has deodorized of death. Luke was the beloved physician at Kavala when Paul found him, and the Apostle proceeded to write epistles to Thessalonians of Salonica, while Luke took notes of the Apostle's Acts. In the marches of the Danube, Marcus Aurelius passed painfully in camps the last years of his life, holding out against the Northern Barbarism and keeping two centuries more of civilization for the countries of the Humanities. There he wrote "to himself": "A living man, full-aged, a citizen, a Roman, an Imperator; you have held the van; you are as one who waits for the retreat from life to sound, ready for the march, needing neither oath nor witness—upright, not unrighted." What a contrast with a present one—*quae mutatio rerum*. Two Christian Saints, Cyril and Methodius, brought their faith to Bulgarians and gave them an alphabet. If only the new teaching after this war can make the human soul superior to the organization of men and matter, human freedom more important than human efficiency, the farmer George Washington greater than Frederick the Great!

This week all the papers have been reprinting Bismarck's words so accurately foretelling Rumania's past and present attitude. Even he could not foresee that Queen Marie of Rumania would have said in April a year ago: "This Emperor—who would believe it?—has stirred up three miracles: the suppression of vodka in Russia; the unity of England with Ireland and her colonies; and this wonderful renaissance of the French soul, so beautiful, so ardent, uplifting the world."

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Coming back to Prime Minister Briand's effective formula, let us read it backwards in the light which this week's turning of the war has given it. The one enemy is always German Imperialism, Militarism, Kultur, commanding Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria and Turkey. Of this block, it may now be hoped the disintegration is near—the *Débâcle;* the one battle we shall see in the progress of the coming weeks, although popular sentiment in France long since accepted another winter's campaign—"if it must be." The unity of front has all but become the complete "encircling" of Germany of which Emperor William complained in peace, and which he has himself drawn around his empire by making war. "Germany, like Napoleon, has made too many enemies for herself," said the experienced Izzet Pasha to me in the first days of this war.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN GREECE —WHERE THE KING'S POLICY HAS LED.

By JOHN A. HUYBERS.

ATHENS, August 3.

The forthcoming elections, to be held, unless circumstances intervene, probably the last Sunday in September, are the chief preoccupation of the people of Athens. Nobody seems to be able to prophesy whether Venizelos and the Liberal party will be returned to power or a party pledged before all else to neutrality. Outside of Venizelos there is no name to conjure with, but there are very strong influences opposing his return and that of the Liberal party: all the influence of the King and court party, a large part of the voters that the demobilization of the army has released, and the whole weight of the German propaganda with its cash resources.

All the press opposed to Venizelos preaches that his return will mean war, and that the people do not want war. The leader replies, through his paper, that the real question at issue to-day is whether Greece is a constitutional kingdom or not, whether it is the people or the crown that is to govern; that it is impossible at present to state whether ultimately Greece would take arms by the side of the Allies or remain at peace; but that the Liberal party, which only had Greece's interests at heart, and whose actions could be best judged by the past, which had shown a clean, honest administration when in power, and which had carried Greece through the victorious Balkan wars, and had negotiated the successful peace treaties, was the safest to trust with the administration of the country. A wise, firm, honest administration was essential to undo, so far as possible, the evil work of the last Government, and to restore and preserve the confidence of the Allies, and earn their good will in the peace negotiations that would conclude the great war.

The *Kiryx*, the official newspaper of the Liberal party, and mouthpiece of Venizelos, in its latest issue, in order to lay more clearly before the public the exact situation as the elections approach, contains a retrospect and a bitter arraignment of the King's policy during the last seventeen months, that was only terminated by the Allies' ultimatum of June 21. In order to avoid bringing in the name of the King, a circumlocution is used. The King's policy is spoken of as that of the adversaries of the Liberal party—the headquarters staff. But the headquarters staff was directly appointed by the King, and the Ministers—in a chamber that, in view of the abstention of the Liberal majority, could no longer be considered representative—were but the puppets of which the King and staff pulled the strings.

For the last seventeen months, since February, 1915, the adversaries of the Liberal party had only one policy, that of the headquarters staff, and the whole object of that policy was to withdraw Greece from her traditional policy of friendship towards the Allied Powers—a policy dictated not merely by gratitude, but by the vital interests of the country—in order to attach her to Germany and German interests, thus placing her in conflict with the Allied Powers who had created her an independent kingdom, and who had given her their support during the last fifty years.

For the headquarters staff not only believed in ultimate German victory, but desired it. They assured to Germany the coöperation of Bulgaria by letting the latter know that Greece would not intervene if she attacked Servia. When the time comes to reveal the true history of the negotiations and treaty with Servia, then the Greek people will understand the indelible stain stamped on the forehead of Greece by those who counselled the violation of her obligations towards her ally.

The daily newspapers which served as the mouthpiece of the headquarters staff and of the German propaganda tried to prove to the Greek people that there was no real community of interests between Greece and the Allied Powers, that, on the contrary, Greek interests would be better served by coöperating, so far as possible, with the Central Powers—as Germany was bound to win—even if those Powers were allied to the Bulgarians and Turks.

Such a policy was leading Greece to inevitable disaster, and now that the headquarters staff perceives the possibility of German defeat, and the impossibility of German world-predominance, the failure of the policy imposed upon Greece becomes evident even to the blindest. But upon the headquarters staff is the guilt of that policy which violated the treaty of alliance with Servia, and found its punishment in the creation of a greater Bulgaria; of that policy that destroyed the cordial relations that had always existed between Greece and the Allied Powers, who now not only occupy Greek ports, but have come to consider Greece as a minor enemy, more to be despised than feared. And the glorious possibility of constructing a new Greece on the littoral of Asia Minor is gone, as is the opportunity of driving the Bulgarians from the Ægean Sea. To all this must be added the loss of Cyprus. There has been furthermore the futile, purposeless, and exhausting mobilization, ruinous to the finances of Greece, that had lost all its *raison-d'être* with the enforced resignation of Venizelos, when it was decided that Greece should not intervene. At the outbreak of the great war, Greece was united, the mobilization was accepted with enthusiasm. There was then no division in public opinion, and the country showed openly her sympathy for the cause of the Allies, which was also the cause of Greece's ally, Servia.

The German propaganda so skilfully directed by Baron Schenck; the purchase of a portion of the Greek press; the capital made out of the first German victories, the fearsome stories told in the countryside of the new German 42-centimetre cannon—there were cheap prints of it published broadcast *τα μεγάλα Γερμανικά πυροβόλα*—and the work of the Germanophil headquarters staff (the direct creation of the King), with its influence on the army, officers being encouraged to preach to their men in favor of Germany—all these factors were successful in destroying that unity in public opinion which had hitherto existed in favor of the Allies, and of quenching the strong enthusiasm in the army and discouraging the natural expressions of sympathy for France that was so strongly manifested at the outbreak of the war. As Germany was to be victorious, many began to argue, was it wise for Greece to throw in her lot with the losing side?

Now that the possibility of Germany's defeat, in any case the impossibility of her world-predominance at the close of the war, becomes evident to the most blind, those responsible for Greece's attitude towards the Entente during the last seventeen months are preparing to make a change. The Princes André and Nicholas are dispatched to Petrograd, Paris, and London to attenuate, so far as possible, the resentment felt against King Constantine, who committed Greece against its will to his personal policy, a policy whose ill-concealed hostility was only brought to a close by the Allies' ultimatum of June 21 last. The arrival of the Russian troops at Salonica has convinced the Greek public that, in spite of German submarines, England still holds the mastery of the sea, permitting the army of an ally to travel in safety from Archangel to Salonica. It will probably impress the Bulgarians still more.

To turn from foreign entanglements to domestic affairs, I may record as of interest a revolutionary measure which has recently gone into effect. On July 28 last all Greek clocks were advanced twenty-five minutes. At twenty-five minutes to twelve in all official buildings, and on all the churches, the hands were advanced to the midday hour. For now Greece has fallen in line with the rest of the European countries in keeping in her proper division in international time. This now places Athens two hours in advance of the time of the meridian of Greenwich. As affairs move slowly here, and as a new order of things is not understood or accepted immediately, the Minister of Justice sent out a circular to the different judicial authorities, asking that during the first few days of the new order a certain amount of indulgence should be shown for the late arrival of witnesses or others cited to appear in the different courts of justice.

There is hope for the larger reform of the calendar. The director of the Athens observatory is making the preliminary studies for the substitution of the Gregorian calendar for the Julian in use in Greece. The principal difficulty lies in the change of dates as it affects the Greek Church. The body of the people, whose faith is absolute, would accept with difficulty the idea of the dates of Christmas and Easter being advanced by a fortnight. When it is remembered that only a few years ago the proposal of translating the Greek scriptures into modern Greek was the cause of serious riots in Athens, the difficulty of altering the calendar will be understood.

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The Future of Constantinople and the Caliphate

UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS THE STRATEGIC VALUE OF THE DARDANELLES HAS DIMINISHED, AND THE CALIPHATE HAS LONG SINCE LOST ITS POLITICO-RELIGIOUS SIGNIFICANCE.

By DR. E. G. TABET.

With the issue of the war in Europe not yet definitely pronounced, an answer to the question, What will be the future disposition of Constantinople and the Caliphate? must necessarily be a premature speculation. Certain probabilities, however, whether as regards impending developments in Turkey or the ultimate issue of the struggle in Europe itself, afford a basis for a forecast not only of the future disposition of Constantinople, but also of the reversion of the Ottoman Empire.

I.

As to the ultimate issue on the European battlefields, it seems reasonably plain, in view of recent developments there, that, even though the Allies may not be able to dictate terms of peace in Berlin, they may, nevertheless, succeed in reducing Germany's erstwhile swollen presumptions to a desire for self-preservation. At any rate, Germany cannot any more force a decision, and she will be unable, therefore, to have a deciding voice in the coming peace conference, regardless of when it may come. Turkey, on the other hand, will, in all probability, have been eliminated as a military factor long before a decision in Europe is made. Taken together, these two probabilities would lead to the reasonable assumption that the Allies will have the matter of Turkey's reversion exclusively in their hands, and the most that Germany may hope for is to save for herself something of the heritage of the Sick Man of Europe. And it is not impossible, once the Hohenzollern spirit of militarism is subdued, that the Allies, notwithstanding their greater power of endurance, may agree to consider the granting to Germany of certain economic concessions in the zone that may be left to the Turks, namely, Asia Minor. This may seem incompatible with the professed intentions of the Allies, and yet it may be agreed upon as a sort of compensation for Germany's surrender of the conquered territories and of Alsace-Lorraine.

Thus, the future disposition of Turkey, at any rate, can even now be defined as resting in the Allies' hands, and that means that Constantinople will be lost to the Turk. What will be its disposition is another question. Will it be internationalized, made a free city with its adjacent territory, and the Dardanelles neutralized, or will it be Russia's share of the spoils? These are questions which only the inner circles of the Allied Governments can answer, but which nevertheless are interesting problems upon which to speculate. But before this is attempted a forecast of the reversion of Asiatic Turkey may be made. As an example of this, Armenia may be compensated for the million or more of her people who have been massacred in the last two decades by receiving some form of autonomous government under Russia's control, or, perhaps, under the protection of a group of Powers; Syria and Palestine, from Al-Arish to the Taurus Mountains and the Zor, may become a French Residency, with some form of direct French control over the various departments of government; Adalia, with its hinterland, and possibly Smyrna—which, as rumor had it, was to go to Greece had her King not been obsessed with the idea of Germany's "invincibility"—may be the price promised to Italy for her active intervention in the war; Mesopotamia may become a British protectorate; and, finally, Arabia proper, which is already in revolt, may gain its independence, and may even become the seat of an Arab Caliphate.

With certain modifications, the above forecast corresponds on general lines with the "economic spheres" upon which, when the war broke out, agreement had nearly been reached between these Powers and Germany, on the one hand, and Turkey on the other. Germany had her "economic sphere" then in Asia Minor, which, to be sure, was the lion's share. Withal, even should all these possessions be lost to the Turks, they would still have more than their number requires or their efficiency could turn to proper account: Anatolia alone is sufficient for both. And it is indeed a question whether it is not in the interest of the masses of the Turkish people themselves that that which may remain be put, for a number of years at any rate, under an international financial control.

But to return to the main question, What will become of Constantinople itself? On the one side, there stands the Russian age-long ambition to possess the coveted gem, and, on the other, England's traditional jealousy opposing Russia's ambition. The question is: Is Russia still obsessed with the idea, and does England still see in Russia's acquisition of the Turk's capital a menace for her vital interests in the East? As to the first question, the Russian people, if not the Russian Government, seems to be as bent as ever on its acquisition; indeed, this ambition has been intensified by Russia's sacrifices in the war. As to England's position, the more authoritative statement bearing on the question is that made by Viscount Grey, to the effect that England is in sympathy with Russia's aspiration for a free route to "warm water." Whatever these words may signify, the plain matter of fact is that under modern conditions the strategic value of the Dardanelles has diminished, rendering England's traditional policy with regard to them amenable to radical modification.

Starting with the historical side of the question, we find that great changes have taken place in the last four decades, both in the international politics and in the politico-geographical map in the Mediterranean basin. Those in the international politics need no comment; indeed, we are witnessing their concrete expression in the present world-war. The geographical alterations, however, call for a few details.

Until the year 1878, when England led in tearing up the treaty of San Stephano, the only link in the chain of defence of the route to India which England had in the Mediterranean was, besides Gibraltar, the Island of Malta. To-day, however, she has Cyprus, Egypt, and the Suez Canal, forming an admirable line of communication. What is more, victory of the Allies will further give her new territories in Asia which will open a new route between Egypt and India. The Cape-to-Cairo Railway, nearing completion, may then be extended to Kurachi, which will unite in one continuous chain England's African and Asiatic Empires. The economic results and the military consolidation that will accrue therefrom is more than her most ambitious Imperialist had thought possible of accomplishment. Thus, as irony of fate would have it, while Germany's dream of joining the North Sea to the Persian Gulf will have vanished as a result of the war, England will have had Germany's dream realized for herself, in another direction. Nor will this be all. In addition, other acquisitions, such as strategic islands in the Mediterranean, and, possibly, some seaports, may be added as a counterbalance for Russia's control over Constantinople and the straits.

The preceding consideration, of itself, should go very far in neutralizing whatever strategic value the Dardanelles might have had. As a supplementary factor in this regard, which is of no little importance, is the growth of Italy as a naval and colonial Power. There are also France's vital interests in the Mediterranean. What was formerly an individual matter of concern for England thus becomes a common concern for all these Powers. Consequently, any future menace coming from the direction of the Straits which may endanger the naval balance in that sea might therefore lead to collective resistance. Hence the improbability of a serious attempt to endanger it, much more the improbability of its success.

Finally, had there been none but sea routes leading from Russia to India, the control of the Dardanelles might still be considered a supreme question for England. But as it is, there are other than sea routes; in fact, England and Russia are already neighbors through their spheres of influence in Persia. In conclusion, Russia's control over the Straits, while opening for her a free route to the Mediterranean, affords her a means of defence, not of offence. In other words, England, by acquiescing in Russia's control over them, will be surrendering a negative right only, namely, the advantage of being able to attack the Black Sea coasts through the Straits. And, after all, from a general international point of view, the Dardanelles are only a back door compared with the Straits of Gibraltar and the Suez Canal, both of which are controlled by England. It would seem, therefore, not unrea-

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sonable to surmise that in their agreement of September 5, 1914, not to conclude peace separately, the Entente Powers may have already settled the long-disputed question, and it is not improbable that its solution meant the promise to Russia of her much-coveted prize, Constantinople.

Turkey, on her part, may already have the feeling that Constantinople is lost, never to return. Very shortly she may be begging for a separate peace in order to save what she can of her Asiatic Empire. But will the Powers consider it worth while, at this late hour, to accept any but an unconditional surrender? It seems unlikely, because, for one thing, Turkey is expected very soon to be eliminated as a military factor, and for another, her wanton massacre of her defenceless Christian subjects must be punished and avenged. Never has Turkey lost the sympathy of the world as she has now; never has she deserved her punishment as through her recent crimes—the virtual extermination of her Christian subjects. And none but the perverted sentimentalist or the brutally selfish will have the boldness to raise a voice in her defence.

II.

What will be the future disposition of the Caliphate is another question which is timely for speculation. The discussion of this subject under one heading with the future of Constantinople is not due to any implication that the two questions are indissolubly related, but only because Constantinople and the Caliphate have long been associated together, the former as the seat of the latter. A special emphasis is put on this point, inasmuch as inspired efforts still persist in certain quarters to present the two questions as inseparable. The reason for this motive, as regards the Turks and the German propagandists, can well be understood: Germany's object being to influence during the war the Moslem world, and Turkey's purpose being to create, besides this influence, a sentiment which she can use to advantage when the final settlement comes—the Allies, having millions of Moslems under their rule, are thought to be impressionable to such tactics. Those who fully understand the mental processes of Turkish diplomats can better appreciate their resort to manœuvres of this kind; in fact, Turkish records present many similar examples. But while the object of the Turks and of their German seducers is thus easy to discern, it is difficult to explain the like attitude, at the present at any rate, of certain writers in the Allied countries, for on no grounds can the integrity of Turkey any longer be made a question which concerns the vital interests of any of the Entente Powers. For one thing, the present general conflagration affords them the exceptional opportunity of liquidating once for all old thorny questions, not the least important being that of the Near East; and for another, Turkey, by enchaining herself to the German car, has forfeited whatever alleged claims she might have had on Islamic sympathy. Finally, whatever conflict of interests there may be with regard to the Ottoman heritage, the all-important matter is that the question of the future disposition of Turkey should be shorn of its Islamism. Especially should the Caliphate be viewed in its present light, namely, that it is a relic of a politico-religious institution which long since has lost its significance. This view of it, instead of being an iconoclasm, would be in accord with the political history of Islam, and even with a saying of Mohammed himself. As to the latter, no less an authority than Al-Bouchari records in his monumental work, "As-Sahih," the sacred saying, to wit: "The Caliphate will last for thirty years after me; thereafter it will become a reign of kings and princes"; and as to the former, a review of the history of Islam shows that the Caliphate, in its strict sense, had ceased to exist with the death of Ali Ibn Abi Taleb, the last of the four Imam-Caliphs. Ever since it has been a spoil for the victor: first, for the Omayyads, and, next, for the Abbasids and others. What is more, even in the first century of the Abbasid dynasty the Caliphs became mere puppets in the hands of the capital's mob and of the Turkish courtiers. This by itself is a negation of the true meaning of the term Caliph—successor of the Prophet. The fact, also, that on several occasions the Caliphate became divided—at one time there were three contemporary Caliphates—robs the title of its essential exclusiveness, namely, the universal leadership over the faithful.

To what extent this politico-religious significance has been lost in recent times is apparent from the dismal failure of the Jihād, or holy war, declared by the present Sultan-Caliph. Not only has its declaration failed to impress the Islamic world, but the Moslems of Algiers, Morocco, Tunis, and India have distinguished themselves in the Allied ranks. Lastly, the Sherīf of Mecca, a lineal descendant of the Prophet, has himself revolted against the Sultan-Caliph. The minor disturbances in Persia have no relation to the Caliph's call, but are due to political reasons only. As a matter of fact, the Shī'ites, of whom the bulk of the Persians are composed, denied all along the legality of the Sunnite successorship. And, indeed, the wonder is not at this apathy of the Islamic peoples, but that the Young Turks and their German masters should have erred so badly in their calculations. It is a question who of the two led the other into the trap of blind belief, the Berlin Orientalists or the Stamboul Ulemas? Pan-Islamism, on whose magic effect on the Moslem masses they had relied, had never appeared to those watching the Turks' "nursing" of it as more than a bogey—the thing it proved to be. It is true that Turkey's entrance into the war lacked many essentials to give it the real aspect of a Jihād, not the least being the fact that first and last the war was a German war. The real cause of failure must, however, be ascribed to the more important fact referred to above, namely, that the Caliphate had long since lost its politico-religious significance, and the Caliph's breath had long before lost its magic charm.

The ignoring of this change not only was the cause of the Turco-German fiasco, but, at bottom, is also the cause of the non-revival of Islam. Depending more on the magic of the Caliphate title to keep its grasp on its Moslem subject races than on the introduction of constructive reforms, Turkey has lost many opportunities to regenerate. Similarly, the Islamic peoples in general, ever dreaming of the glory of their early days, became transfixed to the idea that the regeneration of Islam was possible only if attempted on the principle of the Caliphate being, as of yore, a politico-religious institution. Even the more advanced exponents of progressiveness among the Moslem Syrians—men who cannot be accused of religious intolerance—could not conceive the regeneration possible except on the above basis. Hence their obsession with the idea of the establishment of Arabia proper, the Irak, Syria, and Palestine into one state, with Islamic Turkey remaining as the acknowledged head and suzerain. Hence also their toleration of unbearable Turkish misrule, on the theory that under it there always remained a chance for the realization of the above aspiration, while by their passing under a non-Islamic rule these would become impracticable.

With Turkey's probable elimination as a Power, a great change may follow in the conceptions of the Moslem world, both as to the right of the Turkish Sultans to preserve the title of "Protector of the Holy Shrine," and also as to the political significance of the Caliphate. The assent of the Arab Moslems to the Ottoman Sultans' holding the title of Caliph was due to the fact that they were the most powerful of the Moslem rulers rather than to any conviction of their legal right. The revolt of Sherīf Husein, a descendant of the Prophet's daughter, may yet end in the title reverting to the noble Koreish tribe, and in that case it may be taken for granted that the millions of Moslems under British, French, and Russian rule will declare for the Arab Caliph. And unless the Caliphate is to remain in Turkish hands, the proper place for it is Mecca, both from a sentimental point of view and also to prevent the establishment of future rivalries which will lead to its division: a Caliphate established in the dominions of any of the European Powers ruling Moslem countries is sure to have a rival elsewhere.

These, however, are questions that are exclusively Islamic, and should be left to the Moslem world to settle for itself. What concerns outsiders is that the Caliphate should be divorced from politics, both international and domestic, and should be regarded as only a denominational establishment—a sort of Moslem Papacy. That, besides opening a surer means of better understanding between the Moslem peoples and their European guardians, will lead to a closer union between them and their Christian compatriots. And, indeed, only through separating the Caliphate's two components—the religious and the political—can each of the two parts reveal its full potential value; only by view-

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ing it as it is in its present condition can the Moslem peoples make rapid strides towards modern progress. Islam is a constructive theocracy, and, contrary to a general false conception, it is amenable to new political ideas. The problem most implicit for its regeneration is how best to adapt such ideas to the spirit of the canons and laws of the Moslem religion. The barriers that have been placed in the path of Islamic progress are not only foreign to the true spirit of Islam, but many of them are in direct contradiction to it, and they had been placed there by autocrats, political and clerical, for their own selfish ends. Even the agnostic Young Turks have used Islam to nurse the spirit of Pan-Islamism. And never since the sacking of Bagdad has Islam had a more appropriate time to regain its former high position, never has the Arab race had a better chance to revitalize its racial germ of progressiveness and cultural possibilities: history testifies to its having possessed both. For a start, visionary ideals and fanciful ideas must be dropped, and only the attainable and practicable should be sought and asked for.

Notes from the Capital

GEORGE GRAY OF DELAWARE.

Of our part of the joint commission to settle on some basis for keeping the peace between the United States and Mexico, one member has a distinguished record as a mediator between hostile parties. George Gray, of Delaware, like the President, is a Princeton graduate, though the President's senior by a score of years. Trained to the bar, and having served for two terms as Attorney-General of his State, he was practicing his profession in Wilmington when Thomas F. Bayard left the Senate to enter the Cabinet of President Cleveland. Bayard's first act after his translation was to take the necessary steps to have Gray elected Senator in his place. For the following fourteen years Gray was among the foremost figures in all the activities of Congress, including some things that were unseen by the populace; for during the Harrison Administration he was one of a little group of Democratic Senators who used to meet privately every day in an upstairs room in the Capitol and counsel together about ways and means of defeating the odious force bill which the Republican leaders were resolved on putting through. In those days he was looked upon by his partisan foes as a fighter rather than a peacemaker, but later they came to take another view of him.

All through the second Cleveland Administration, though approving the President's position regarding the Venezuelan boundary, Gray stood firm against mere jingoism, and did what he could to hold back the tide which was setting so strongly in Congress in favor of intervention in Cuba. When, however, President McKinley decided to resist the movement no longer, and the nation was faced with an assurance of war, he came promptly to the support of the Government, and insisted upon liberal appropriations and forceful military measures. McKinley was much impressed by his patriotic spirit, and, when a commission was to be appointed to arrange terms of peace, selected him as the most acceptable Democrat to serve on it. At the Paris conferences, Gray opposed our holding the Philippine Islands, believing that there was no warrant in the Constitution for our establishment of a colonial system, and that it was as important for the United States to exercise magnanimity in the hour of victory as to show heroism in the hour of trial. He even went so far as to send a long cable dispatch to Secretary Hay pressing these points. He was overruled, but the President, desiring to prove that this was not due to any lack of appreciation of his services or his judgment in general, appointed him to the first vacancy that offered on the Federal Circuit bench.

Again and again since then he has been summoned by Republican Presidents to take part in composing large controversies. McKinley, in 1900, made him a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague. He was one of the first men chosen by Roosevelt for the Anthracite Strike Commission of 1902, of which he became chairman and chief exponent with the public. Taft appointed him on the special tribunal for arbitrating the North Atlantic Coast fisheries dispute in 1910. It will thus be seen that his latest designation to represent our country on the joint commission to straighten out the tangles on the Mexican border introduced him to no functions novel to his experience.

It is safe to predict that Gray will speedily stand high in the esteem of the Mexican commissioners. He is the style of man whose personality stirs the admiration of Spaniards or persons of Spanish social antecedents; tall, symmetrical of frame, handsome of face, with dark, intelligent eyes, a florid complexion, and almost white hair and moustache; a bearing of great dignity, calmness, and amiability of manner in conversation, and the sort of formal respect for his opponents in debate which causes them to feel that at least he has an open mind. The worst his critics have had to say about him is that he has sometimes been too disposed to meet the enemy half-way; but they admit that when the crucial hour arrives he is usually found in the place where he is most needed. When President Cleveland was waging his life-and-death campaign for the repeal of the Sherman Silver-Purchase act in 1893, Gray stood stanchly behind him in the Senate, though sorely tried because Cleveland, at certain desperate stages of the battle, bluntly refused to listen to friends who visited the White House to suggest slight modifications of the administrative programme which they thought might save their party from dismemberment. In 1896, however, he refused to be bound by the free-silver Democratic platform, and threw in his lot with the gold-standard minority, who were working for Palmer and Buckner against Bryan. If he could have had his way that year, Cleveland would have been renominated, for his theory regarding a third term for the Presidency was that the legitimate objections to it apply only to three terms in immediate succession, but disappear when there is a break in the chain, because then the President returns to his place in the body politic, and as a private citizen becomes eligible once more.

Gray, who is now seventy-six, retired from the bench two years ago on account of age, but the last time I saw him in the streets of Washington he appeared anything but feeble, and his mind and memory seemed, broadly speaking, as alert as ever. He doubtless feels that he has earned a rest from continuous responsibility, though holding himself ready to lend a helping hand at any time if an emergency demands it. TATTLER.

Correspondence

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE CANDIDATES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: By voting for Mr. Hughes you will help the Democratic party keep one of its pledges as follows: "We favor a single Presidential term, and to that end we urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for reëlection. And we pledge the candidate of this Convention to this principle."—Democratic platform of 1912. Does a platform mean anything? Is the party platform but a horse for the candidate to ride into office?

Much has been said recently about the Republican party ravishing the Supreme Court of the United States in order to have a candidate for President. Democracy contends that Mr. Hughes did not measure up to the highest standard of Americanism when he resigned from the Supreme Court to accept the nomination for the Presidency. I hold it to be the fundamental right of the American people to draft any eligible citizen from any position whatsoever for this most responsible position of the republic. No man can live up to the highest standard of Americanism and decline a call of the people to a position requiring firmness, immeasurable fortitude, proven ability, and sublime courage when a peculiar condition of the times demands that such a man take the helm for the better welfare of the nation. John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, even regarded the call of the people of the State of New York alone to become their Governor as of sufficient importance to cause his resignation. In 1904 the Democratic party drafted Justice Parker as their candidate. He accepted and was entirely exempt from criticism.

I was somewhat interested in the letter in to-day's issue of the *Nation* by a Mr. Deeg, in which he has the unbridled audacity to ask you as an independent finally to "see your way to support President Wilson for reelection," because (according to his main point in the letter) "President Wilson gave currency to the phrase 'forward looking,' and this will continue to be his motto while he is our Chief Executive." It would have been highly appropriate for him to add that President Wilson also gave us "watchful waiting," "too proud to fight," and other phrases which have added to the gayety of nations and the humiliation of us in this most serious stage of the world's history.

JOHN EDWARD OSTER.

New York, August 31.

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THE RIVAL CANDIDATES ON WORLD PEACE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the editorial entitled "Mr. Wilson's Acceptance," published in the issue of the *Nation* for September 7, occurs this passage:

"On the question of what is to come after the war, Mr. Wilson's reiteration of his position that the 'nations of the world must unite in joint guarantees that whatever is done to disturb the whole world's life must first be tested in the court of the whole world's opinion before it is attempted,' is so explicit that it may be counted on to widen the far-reaching ripples created in the embattled nations by his speech before the League to Enforce Peace. By contrast with Mr. Hughes's banal treatment of the subject, Mr. Wilson shines like a planet in the heavens."

Without wishing to detract from whatever credit is due Mr. Wilson on this score, and although a prospective voter for his reëlection, I cannot but think that the disparagement of his rival in this connection does the latter a grave injustice. In accepting the Republican nomination, Mr. Hughes said: "Arbitration treaties are useful within their proper sphere, but it is worse than folly to ignore the limitations of the remedy or to regard such treaties as an adequate means of preventing war. There should be an international tribunal to decide controversies susceptible of judicial determination." After speaking of the need of "conferences of the nations to formulate international rules," etc., and "to develop the instrumentalities of conciliation," he proceeded: "And behind this international organization, if it is to be effective, must be the coöperation of the nations to prevent resort to hostilities before the appropriate agencies of peaceful settlement have been utilized. If the peace of the world is to be maintained, it must be through the preventive power of a common purpose." He then considered "some practical guarantee of international order" as a means of conserving the rights of small states, and of diminishing the burden of armaments, and concluded as follows: "If at the close of the present war the nations are ready to undertake practical measures in the common interest in order to secure international justice, we cannot fail to recognize our international duty. The peace of the world is our interest as well as the interest of others, and in developing the necessary agencies for the prevention of war, we shall be glad to have an appropriate share. And our preparedness will have proper relation to this end as well as to our own immediate security."

Mr. Hughes thus declares explicitly for the establishment of an "international tribunal," and for coöperation to prevent war until the "agencies of peaceful settlement" have been exhausted. He also favors the participation by the United States in these practical steps, and intimates that so much of our army and navy as may be needed for the purpose ought to be used to help in securing the peace of the world. Is it fair to call such a programme "banal"? Mr. Wilson's rather vague expressions about "a new atmosphere of justice and friendship" and "joint guarantees" that causes of war must first be submitted to "the court of the whole world's opinion"—that is, presumably, to the bar of public sentiment among civilized nations—rather suggest the music of the tinkling cymbal, by comparison with which Mr. Hughes's trumpet gives no "uncertain sound."

Sydney Richmond Taber.

Northeast Harbor, September 13.

MR. HUGHES AND THE HYPHENATES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* of September 7, in an editorial entitled "Mr. Hughes at St. Louis," says that Mr. Hughes's endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign speech at Lewiston, Me., removed all doubt as to his (Mr. Hughes's) position on the anti-hyphen issue. As a reader of the *Nation* I had supposed that that issue was removed from the campaign long ago, for in the *Nation* of July 6 you said editorially that the endorsement of Mr. Hughes by the German-American propagandists meant nothing, since Mr. Hughes had no understanding or entanglement or sympathy with them. With such reasoning you said, therefore, there was no anti-hyphen issue in this campaign. But for the sake of a few remaining questioners, you assured your readers that in his speech of acceptance Mr. Hughes would speak in no uncertain terms upon this issue.

Now that speech of acceptance has been made, and Mr. Hughes rather glibly passed over the anti-hyphen issue in somewhat uncertain tones. Over one hundred other campaign speeches have been made by him, and still the uncertainty of his position remained. But now at last Mr. Hughes has sent a telegram to Mr. Roosevelt congratulating him upon the great speech he made at Lewiston, Me. Really, Mr. Editor, do you like that round-about, evasive way of avoiding a square, frank, and public statement of his position to the pro-German voters? The Republican party workers in this section of the country are saying to the pro-German voters that when Mr. Hughes sent his telegram to Mr. Roosevelt he had in mind that part of Mr. Roosevelt's speech that dealt with Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy. Then these same party workers wink the other eye to the pro-Ally voters, and say that Mr. Hughes had in mind that very part of Mr. Roosevelt's speech that dealt with the German-Americans. In other words, Mr. Hughes has made it possible for his partisan supporters to bid for both factions, while he himself continues the sharp practice of evading the issue.

The *Nation* must know that the editor of the New York *Herald* has recently written: "What Mr. Hughes might do is not a part of the question, but what Mr. Wilson has done, is the question." And again what does the *Nation* think of this statement: "We cannot properly censure Americans of foreign birth for sympathy with the nations which once claimed their allegiance, as against the nations with which they are fighting, and the attempt to impute treasonable voting to any one class of our citizens because of their original nationality . . . is to be severely condemned"? Those were the words of Mr. Fairbanks in his speech of acceptance, and Mr. Hughes himself came dangerously near making as broad a bid for the German vote in his Chicago speech.

But no matter what the position Mr. Hughes takes on the anti-hyphen issue, no matter whether the German-Americans expect more favor or less favor from him, should he be elected President, the fact remains that a powerful foreign-inspired group of citizens are attempting to punish and intimidate the President of the United States, a President who dared, in a very critical foreign situation, to withstand and condemn their unneutral demands and actions. I cannot believe the American people will permit the independence of the Presidency to be so undermined.

J. J. Pettijohn.

Bloomington, Ind., September 13.

THE RAILWAY STRIKE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It seems to be filtering into the brain of the public that it will have to pay the large cost entailed by President Wilson's plan of averting a railway strike by acceding to the demand of the men for ten hours' pay for eight hours' work. This scheme could be relied on as popular with those who saw only the railways as the "goat." But when they see whose ox is gored—to mix the animals in the metaphor—the result is different.

In the meantime there is the usual lachrymose pleading by the press to think of the disaster to the country and avoid a strike which some papers call unthinkable—why, it is difficult to imagine. But through it all not a newspaper seems to have had the courage to suggest the simpler remedy, which is to pass laws making the contract of employment in a public-service corporation irrevocable for a definite time, which might be short but constantly renewable, and its breach subject to a penalty sufficient to obtain performance. Now we have the absurdity of an Interstate Commerce law that subjects a director to a penitentiary term for giving a rebate, and permits a trainman to paralyze the country by calling a strike with impunity. A law absolutely restraining strikes is the only remedy, and it looks as if it would only come after a disastrous strike. In attempting to ward off strikes by various palliatives, this country is like the woman with a large family who spent years in fleeing from place to place to avoid the measles, so that when the inevitable came at last she lost a few of the children because they had grown too large and strong to have the disease in a mild form.

The remedies usually suggested to prevent strikes are utterly unavailing. Compulsory arbitration works so long as the men get what they want; when the demands increase so much that the labor courts refuse them the men will strike—law or no law—New Zealand has proved that. Government ownership will not avert strikes. France proved that a few years ago; also Holland, where the Legislature, with more patriotism and less quaking before the threats of labor agitators than appears to obtain in our Congress, passed a law putting the state-owned railway employees under military discipline, after the Ministry had disregarded the threat of a general strike if the bill was introduced. It is true that a Socialist Minister put down the strike on the French national railways in a few days—by calling out the strikers as reservists and setting them to running the roads. Our railroad hands, however, do not belong to the army, and most certainly, with state ownership, would be in no hurry to enlist.

The terror of the press is amazing when anything is bruited that is gall and wormwood to the labor agitators, as a law is bound to be that aims to secure to workmen such

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wages as they are entitled to only—not such as their tactical position might enable them to extort on account of the harm they might do by striking. Last year at the end of the street-railroad strike, Chicago newspapers, which are now wringing their hands and imploring the roads and men to avoid a strike, were unwilling to publish a communication working out a plan for enlistment in street-car lines with some detail, showing how by contracts running for four months one per cent. of the workers could be reënlisted each day, excluding Sunday, and a line could not be tied up unless reënlistments ceased for some time, which would be pretty good proof of a genuine grievance. It would seem as if the rate of wages would regulate itself according to the prevailing standard in similar employment, by the freedom or scarcity of enlistments, but the question of the regulation of wages is another affair. It has nothing to do with a practicable law to prevent strikes.

This tearful pleading for a temporary respite, instead of a demand for the security to which the public is entitled—and would have if its representatives had the courage of men—is most lamentable. So also would be the threat, which a portion of the press assumes has been made in Washington, to wreck the railroads financially by saddling the Interstate Commerce act with a genuine eight-hour provision. Such a law would be about as practicable for railroads as for sitting hens.

ELLIS S. CHESBROUGH.

Chicago, August 27.

THE "SCRAP OF PAPER" IN ARISTOPHANES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Æschylus was not the only Greek to write about this war in advance—Aristophanes knew all about the "scrap of paper":

πῶς δέ γ' ἂν καλῶς λέγοις ἂν, εἴπερ ἐσπείσω
γ' ἅπαξ
οἷσιν οὔτε βωμὸς οὔτε πίστις οὔθ' ὅρκος μένει;

—[Aristophanes, "Ach." 307, 308.

"Those who are bound by no altar sworn upon, no confidence imposed, no oath taken," reasonably well describes the nation which invaded Belgium.

WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL.

Rockland, Me., August 14.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you permit me to correct a misstatement in Mr. Stoddard Dewey's letter in the *Nation* of August 3?

Speaking of the Congress of Nationalities lately held at Lausanne, he says: "America had at least one representative in the person of Professor Herron, of the University of Iowa." Professor Herron was never connected with the University of Iowa, but with Iowa College, a Congregationalist college at Grinnell, Iowa, where his work was in the line of sociology. I do not know the precise name of his chair. He retired from this position some years ago.

Permit me, also, while I am writing, to express my great delight in Mr. Dewey's letters. They are among the first of the many things which make the *Nation* a necessity.

CELIA A. M. CURRIER.

Cleveland, O., August 24.

Literature

THE HUMAN SIDE OF LINCOLN.

Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln. By Henry B. Rankin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

So much has been written about Lincoln by skilled hands that one is tempted to wonder at a venture into the same field by so inexperienced a writer as Mr. Rankin. A reading of his book, however, shows that what moved him was a desire to correct some of the impressions of his idol fixed in the public mind by earlier biographers; and in attempting this he is often betrayed into rhapsodizing in a fashion that obscures what might have been convincing if treated in simple narrative style. His personal memories of Lincoln go back to his own boyhood in the forties, when his father was Sheriff of Menard County, Illinois, whither the future President used to come from time to time to attend court at Petersburg. Later he entered Lincoln's law office in Springfield, and from that time until 1861 they were a good deal together. His book, therefore, deals with the human rather than the public side of Lincoln's career.

The first conceit the author undertakes to dispel is that Lincoln was the boor sometimes pictured by descriptive writers. He was a rugged type of the pioneer element of his place and generation, but his surface crudities, such as they were, appear to have been offset by a quick intelligence and a natural force that made him a marked figure in his little circle even in his comparative youth, and led to his being invited into two partnerships with leaders of the local bar. A third partnership, of which he was the senior member, was with William H. Herndon, who was an omnivorous reader; and Lincoln had a way of questioning Herndon so as to draw forth a very fair digest of what the latter had read, and thus cultivate his own mind by absorption. He liked also to have Herndon always lay out a volume for him to carry home when he left the office in the evening, and he would carefully place it in or upon his hat so as not to forget it. One such book was Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," which so charmed him that he predicted that it would found a new school of poetry, though he frankly regretted its coarse naturalism, and remarked, when he brought it back after a first reading, that he had "barely saved it from being purified in fire by the women." Once in a while, when some passage in a new book particularly interested him, he would read it aloud to the inmates of the office. His reading manner differed greatly from his manner as an orator, being very slow, and laying a special emphasis on a sentence here and there, calculated to bring out just the phase of meaning which had captured his fancy. Holmes, Theodore Parker, Beecher, Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne, and the elder Abbott were his prime favorites among contemporary authors, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a notable exception to his general indifference to fiction.

Another common notion at which Mr. Rankin aims a blow touches what may be called Lincoln's love-life. Of the three women concerned he evidently regards the second, Mary Owen, as not worth more than a passing mention, though her break with Lincoln has been a subject of considerable comment by other biographers. To the Ann Rutledge episode he devotes a chapter of more than thirty pages, much of it given to contradicting Herndon's implication that Lincoln's reason was for a while unsettled by Miss Rutledge's death. Coming upon Lincoln while he was in the throes of a malarial attack, the bereavement was doubly hard to bear, but in seeking relief he devoted himself with unusual assiduity to his law studies, so that in a way it may have been a practical factor for good in his career. The purpose upon which our author focuses most of his strength in this branch of his work is to clear the memory of Mary Todd, who did become the Mrs. Lincoln of the histories, of the slurs which so many writers have cast upon it, intimating that her husband found little to enjoy in his domestic life.

Mr. Rankin is particularly anxious to assure his readers that Miss Todd possessed many social graces, being a fine dancer and an accomplished French scholar withal; that the acerbities of temper and manner so widely ascribed to her were due to her extreme sensitiveness, coupled with an impulsive habit of thought and speech which took form sometimes in an excess of candor, or in sarcastic or witty remarks that inflicted pain where she did not intend it. He is at no effort to conceal the fact that she made many enemies, among them Herndon, whose animosity he traces to a ball where they were waltzing together. Herndon, in compliment to her dancing, told her that she glided "with the ease of a serpent." She took offence at the simile, rebuked him tartly, and left his side at once; and from that hour there was war between them. In the objections of her relatives to her engagement to Lincoln, our author finds a sufficient explanation of its temporary suspension, dismissing as vicious gossip the stories in which Lincoln is held up to reproach as a recreant lover. He discredits, moreover, Herndon's account of the wedding as an elaborate affair at which the bride wore a silk gown, and cites the testimony of a half-sister of Mrs. Lincoln that the couple suddenly announced one morning their purpose of being married that evening, that they were married at the house of another sister with the simplest of ceremonies performed by a local clergyman, that only about a dozen friends —all related to the bride—were present, and that Miss Todd's modest dress was of white muslin. The bride was then twenty-four years old, and the groom ten years her senior; and the fact that both were presumably past the age of tantrums is regarded as disposing of the theory that Miss Todd was married to Lincoln "in a spirit of pique and

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petty spite, to wreak vengeance on him through wedded life."

Lincoln was a victim of moods, and subject at times to fits of deep melancholy, which some of his prying neighbors construed as proof that his home was made unhappy by his wife. Mr. Rankin asserts that he saw a great deal of both, and that, to his personal knowledge, she was the one human being near her husband who could solace and inspire him at such times; that his occasional journeys away from Springfield were taken at her instigation, with a view to obtaining more professional business, and that his late night hours at his office were necessitated by work that he could do best when every one else had gone and he was free from intrusions, instead of being due to any desire to stay beyond her reach. She probably looked pretty closely after his habits as to clothing and food; the doctors had warned her that he had inherited a consumptive tendency, and, though she never mentioned the subject to him, it worried her all the time, for he was distressingly careless if left to himself.

His indifference to meal hours was evident to all observers, of course; likewise her vexation at it. After they went to Washington she found him even harder to manage than in their quiet life at Springfield, except that in the White House he doubtless desisted instinctively from answering the doorbell in person—a habit which he indulged at home, to her unconcealed annoyance. One day while he was President, having closeted himself with a Treasury officer for an important private conference, he was summoned to dinner by the butler, but paid no attention to the interruption. Presently came Tad, by his mother's direction, to announce that every one else was already at table and waiting for the presence of the head of the family. When this reminder was ignored in its turn, the boy tugged at his father's coat and hand, but all the satisfaction he could get was a "Yes, yes, directly." Thereupon entered Mrs. Lincoln, who in a tone of displeasure told the President once more that he was delaying everything by his refusal to respond to her repeated calls. He quietly laid on one side the documents over which he and his subordinate had been poring and approached her. She, supposing he was ready to follow, turned about; but, taking hold of her arms just above the elbows, he gently pushed her through the door, locked it behind her, returned to his seat with no indication of being ruffled, and took up the thread of the discussion where it had momentarily been dropped. This was typical of many incidents which gave rise to highly colored accounts of their infelicities.

According to Mr. Rankin, Mrs. Lincoln had cherished from childhood a dream of being one day a President's wife, and was more aggressively ambitious than her husband, as well as a surer reader of the signs in the political sky. Sometimes she even took command of things in his interest, and, without consulting him, ordered what should and what should not be published about him in the local press. Nor did she hesitate, in her letters, to expound her husband's views, as when she wrote in November, 1856, less than six years before the issue of the Emancipation Proclamation:

> Although Mr. Lincoln is, or was, a Fremont man, you must not include him with so many of those who belong to that party—an abolitionist. In principle he is far from it. All he desires is that slavery shall not be extended. Let it remain where it is.

By far the longest chapter in the book is on What Religion Meant to Abraham Lincoln. The question was first publicly raised during a campaign for Congress in which one Peter Cartwright, who was contesting the district with Lincoln, accused the latter on the stump of being an infidel. Mr. Rankin quotes from a conversation with his (Rankin's) mother, and some other friends, in which Lincoln answered this charge by recalling some of the influences that had tended to sway his religious views this way and that, enlarging on the new meaning the Bible had finally acquired for him when read in the light of his most soul-searching experiences, and summing up the result thus:

> I do not claim that all my doubts . . . have been swept away. They are not. Probably it is to be my lot to go on in a twilight, feeling and reasoning my way through life, as questioning, doubting Thomas did. But in my poor, maimed, withered way, I bear with me as I go on a seeking spirit of desire for a faith that was with him of the olden time, who in his need, as I in mine, exclaimed: "Help Thou my unbelief."

The book contains a not very satisfactory index, is illustrated with eight photographic reproductions, and is introduced briefly by Joseph Fort Newton.

CURRENT FICTION.

Chapel. By Miles Lewis. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Readers of sensibility have been wont to complain that Mr. Phillpotts, in the hardness of his heart, has exaggerated the grimness of his provincial types and fates. "Chapel" is a piece of evidence to the contrary. These Welsh people, with their narrow preoccupations, their passionate egotism, their appalling frankness, their atoning humanity, strikingly resemble the familiar figures of the Dartmoor tales. There is a relatively "happy ending," but no sentimentalism is turned loose upon it for the benefit of romantic readers. The manner of telling is cool, searching, and contained. "The Chapels" might have been a fitter title, since it is a story of father and son. Chapel the elder is heir to the doubtful authority and traditions of an ancient family of the squirearchy which for several generations has been going to seed. Our man does not inherit the viciousness of his father and grandfather, but, until the shock of his young wife's death in childbirth, he is inert, unambitious, and in no way to get on in the world. Then his family pride wakes, he sets himself to fight his own indolence and inefficiency, and to restore the name of Chapel to its former place of esteem. After a long struggle, and various unsuccessful experiments, he establishes himself as a contractor. Meanwhile the son has grown up. The father has never quite forgiven him for the death of his mother, and the pair develop no intimacy or even friendliness. The real barrier between them is that they are so much alike, but for the son's superior ease and confidence both as a worker and as a man among men. A trivial quarrel results in a sort of speechless feud between them, though it does not part them physically. The son begins to succeed, and old Chapel resents and is jealous of his success. It is destined to be the younger, however, who confirms the restoration of the family honor and the family property. In the end the father discovers, to his amazement, that his son has likewise been bent upon this restoration, rather than upon the assertion of his own cleverness and authority. The minor figures are notable for their finished characterization: the book has dignity and solidity—a remarkable performance, whether or not as a "first novel."

Let Us Go Afield. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The publishers' assertion that "this book will appeal to every one who wishes to get away from the city at least temporarily" is an exceedingly doubtful one. "Let Us Go Afield" is written by a sportsman primarily to sportsmen. Not every one who wishes to get away from the city will be interested in the history of the Kentucky reel, or in the proper method of angling for steel-heads, or in the relative merits of open and aperture sights, or in the question "What battery should you take to Africa if you were going on a big-game hunt?" or even in stories of the slaughter of bear and deer. The writer's chief purpose seems to have been to rouse a wider interest in the preservation of our game. This he attempts to do by expounding the delights of various sorts of hunting, relating many of his own experiences, outlining the shocking history of waste in our dealings with the game supply, and arguing stoutly that much stricter conservation is necessary if many of our birds and beasts are to escape extermination. Mr Hough knows his subject thoroughly; he is a veteran sportsman who seems to have hunted and fished for nearly everything huntable or fishable. He writes rather slangily and with considerable gusto. Being made up in part of magazine articles, the book contains a good deal of repetition; and some of its technicalities are likely to puzzle the general reader.

The Family. By Elinor Mordaunt. New York: John Lane Co.

Inconclusive and unsatisfying as personal drama, this chronicle of the efforts of an impoverished country squire's children to find themselves in the commercial wilderness of modern London is still undeniably effective as the record of a recent chapter in English

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social history. An obvious American parallel exists in Ellen Glasgow's analyses—one hesitates to apply so light a term as novel—of our South and its process of disintegration and reformation during the last half-century. The authors are at one in their impatience with the impracticability of an older generation in the face of changed conditions—in their bitterness towards the educational handicap and obsolete standards unconcernedly passed on to the younger generation by parental conservatism. The Englishwoman betrays more genuine fondness and regret for the old order, and such readjustments as she permits her family to achieve are much less hopeful than those which the American chronicler has depicted. Surely, there is great waste in converting all this finely bred, wholesome country youth into the second-rate toilers of the city.

"'We've no luck,' said Paul; 'or we've no something.' He had taken off his coat and was running his hand round the muscles of his right arm as he spoke: 'We belong to a past age, we're survivals, that's what we are. We can fight and ride and shoot; but that is all there is to us,' he added, his dark face dropping into a heavy frown. 'By George! I'm getting soft—no one wants our kind now. Smart young salesmen—oozing figures—and mechanics, that's what they're after. Tommy and Anne are getting the hang of things: they come later, they'll fit.'"

The details of any profound transition are sure to make melancholy reading, but the reader to whom a sad theme is not utterly taboo will find this one well worth perusing, for the author's clear understanding of her England before the war and for the effectiveness of the character portrayal.

Sylvia of the Hilltop. By Margaret R. Piper. Boston: The Page Co.

Eleanor of the Houseboat. By Louise M. Breitenbach. Boston: The Page Co.

Some years ago titles of this sort were common in fiction for adults; now they seem to have been passed on to the children. One wonders as one reads the books how much the writers consult the taste of the rising generation, and how much that of the mothers and maiden aunts who wish to buy a nice sweet story for dear little Dorothy or Virginia. At all events, these two books have a good deal in common, and, in comparison with the stories for girls of a generation ago, they have decided merits. Without any pretension to literary quality, they are free from overwrought sentimentality; they unobtrusively inculcate respect for elders, unselfishness, and other conventional virtues; and they contain enough of incident and of very mild humor to save them from intolerable dulness. "Sylvia of the Hilltop" belongs to a series which has been handicapped by the publishers with the label "The Cheerful Books." These gentle volumes seem to run in series; the author of "Eleanor of the Houseboat" has already perpetrated a series about "Alma," and it is safe to predict that the history of Eleanor will require three or four more volumes. Surely, the schoolgirls who heroically follow the adventures of a favorite heroine through half a dozen volumes are the true successors of the eighteenth-century damsels who wept over Pamela and Clarissa. It is needless to comment on the plots of the particular stories under review, further than to remark that both heroines play, more or less consciously, the rôle of Pippa. If girls must read third-rate stuff, we suppose they may as well read these books as anything else. Both Sylvia and Eleanor may be guaranteed perfectly harmless.

AN AMERICAN DON QUIXOTE.

Filibusters and Financiers: The Story of William Walker and His Associates. By William O. Scroggs. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

In that entertaining but rather forgotten work, "Annals of San Francisco," published in 1855, occurs this passage relative to Sir Francis Drake and Capt. Thomas Cavendish:

In those days piracy was honorable and legalized by formal license, though the spoil was only gold and silver and light movable goods—booty of the common robber. After all, the old buccaneers were poor grovelling souls. In our own times, pirates—called "filibusters"—whose business is notoriously unlawful, have much grander views of glory and profit. Cuba and Sonora, which are countries equal to Italy of the old world in beauty, fertility, and real wealth, are certainly prizes worth stealing and fighting for—the rewards of Alexanders, Cæsars, and Bonapartes. But, then, principles of action being nearly the same, "Young America" is very much *smarter* than "Old England."

Professor Scroggs does not recall this passage, but probably has it in mind when he says:

The term "filibuster" was originally one of opprobrium, and its use in the fifties was much resented by those to whom it was applied, inasmuch as it was regarded as synonymous with pirate or buccaneer. In this volume the word is used in no such offensive sense, but is employed to designate those adventurers who, during the decade preceding the Civil War, were engaged in fitting out and conducting under private initiative armed expeditions from the United States against other nations with which this country was at peace.

In the early fifties California was the native heath of the filibuster. In 1850 a band of two hundred and fifty adventurous souls was got together in San Francisco to restore the expatriated Juan José Flores to the Presidency of Ecuador. Undeterred by this futile effort, two French noblemen tried their hand at the game. For various reasons, Frenchmen abounded in California in those days, and a large proportion of them had received excellent military training. They were slow to assimilate, and being viewed askance for that reason, were a discontented lot, fine material, in fact, for exploitation by any adventurous fellow-countryman who might happen to come along. The Marquis Charles de Pindray was cast in the mediæval mould. His chivalrous nature revolting against the butcher's business to which a hard fate had consigned him, he cast about for something more in line with his predispositions, and hit upon the task of cleaning the Apache Indians out of Sonora, ostensibly under a call for volunteers by the Mexican Government. He raised a band, started joyfully on his mission, and at the end of six months was found dead in a Mexican village with a bullet wound in his head.

In 1852, just about the time this expedition came to grief, another ruined French nobleman, Count Raousset-Boulbon, a versatile genius, evolved a mining and colonization scheme in Sonora, in which M. Patrice Dillon, the French Consul at San Francisco, became deeply interested. Favorable consideration was secured from the Mexican Government, the concession of gold and silver mines in Sonora was obtained, the project was underwritten by American bankers, and a company of one hundred and fifty men enlisted. Unfortunately, the Captain-General of Sonora was won over to a rival company, and before long Raousset began to pose as the champion of Sonoran independence. Eventually, the Captain-General and the Frenchman were in armed conflict. After some initial success, Raousset abandoned the enterprise. A second venture ended in his fleeing for his life.

Then appeared William Walker on the scene. He, too, was smitten with a desire to protect the Sonorans against the Indians. "They cannot protect themselves, and the Government cannot protect them," said the Alta Californian. "Their only hope is a war and the occupation of their territory by United States troops." It was a period of mock heroics, with William Walker as a very Don Quixote. In appearance, Walker must have been almost as fantastic as the knight of La Mancha. Mr. T. Robinson Warren, who saw a good deal of him in Lower California, which Walker aimed to reduce to submission in order to make it a base of his operations in Sonora, has given us this picture of him:

His appearance was anything else than a military chieftain. Below the medium height, and very slim, I should hardly imagine him to weigh over a hundred pounds. His hair was light and towy, while his almost white eyebrows and lashes concealed a seemingly pupilless, gray, cold eye, and his face was a mass of yellow freckles, the whole expression very heavy. His dress was scarcely less remarkable than his person. His head was surmounted by a large white fur hat, whose long knap waved with the breeze, which, together with a very ill-made, short-waisted blue coat, with gilt buttons, and a pair of gray, strapless pantaloons, made up the ensemble of as unprepossessing-looking a person as one would meet in a day's walk. I will leave you to imagine the figure he cut in Guaymas with the thermometer at 100°, when every one else was arrayed in white. Indeed, half the dread which the Mexicans had of filibusters vanished when they saw this their Grand Sachem—such an insignificant looking specimen.

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Yet, as the same writer says, any one who estimated Walker by his personal appearance made a great mistake. Extremely taciturn, he would sit for an hour in company without opening his lips; but once interested, he arrested attention with the first word he uttered, and as he proceeded one got the impression that he was no ordinary person. Yet his actions were frequently as ridiculous as his appearance. His whole Sonoran expedition is evidence of that. The Mexican Government failing, on mature deliberation, to give the venture the stamp of legitimacy, Walker left San Francisco in haste with forty-five kindred souls, with the intention of establishing himself in Lower California, and, after receiving reinforcements, of reducing that State to submission, and thus making it the base of his operations against Sonora. His departure occurred on October 16, 1853; on May 8, 1854, his thirtieth birthday, after actually invading Sonora and setting up a paper government, he was a prisoner, and a week later was in San Francisco awaiting the action of the Federal Government.

His adventures read like a chapter from Cervantes. Walker equalled the "light and mirror of all Errant Knighthood" in the use of the pen. He provided "the independent republic of Lower California" with a flag and indicted his first proclamation in these terms: "The Republic of Lower California is hereby declared free, sovereign, and independent, and all allegiance to the Republic of Mexico is forever renounced." Thus were new republics born in the fifties. Four days after assuming his duties as "President," Walker issued two decrees, one, of no more than nine words, establishing freedom of trade with all the world; the second declaring the Civil Code and the Code Practice of Louisiana to be "the rule of decision and the law of the land, in all the courts of the republic to be hereafter organized." On November 30 he issued an address to the people of the United States, explaining his course in creating another republic on their immediate confines. He declared that the peninsula had been wofully neglected, and that in order "to develop the resources of Lower California, and to effect a proper social organization therein, it was necessary to make it independent."

On January 18, 1854, Walker, by decree, annexed Sonora to Lower California, changed the name to the Republic of Sonora, and constituted himself President. "Santa Anna," said an American newspaper, "must feel obliged to the new President that he has not annexed any more of his territory than Sonora. It would have been just as cheap and easy to have annexed the whole of Mexico at once, and would have saved the trouble of future proclamations." The ridiculousness of the Sonora expedition was heightened by the fact that only three days out of six months and a half were spent in Sonora. When the adventurers reached the Promised Land, they were a rag-tag, bob-tailed remnant, sans raiment, sans food, sans everything. They came and saw and departed incontinently: the end came three weeks later.

Of Professor Scroggs's main subject, the invasion of Nicaragua, we can say but little. As an exhibition of audacity, ruthlessness, and futility it is unique in our annals. Success would have been a miracle, but if Walker had achieved it, his niche in history would be in close proximity to those occupied by Cortes and Pizarro. Walker landed in Nicaragua on June 16, 1855; by May 1, 1857, he was prisoner to Commander Charles H. Davis, of the United States sloop-of-war St. Mary's. Returning to this country, he received an ovation at New Orleans, and on reaching New York was the subject of a good deal of hero-worship, which, however, did not last very long, owing to his aspersions of Davis, who was regarded by the average citizen as having rescued Walker from the ignoble death which seemed staring him in the face as a result of his defeat by the allied Central Americans.

Walker broke loose again on November 14, 1857, when he sailed from Mobile, with his head filled with the notion that he could retrieve his fortune in Nicaragua. No sooner, however, had he reached Greytown than he was taken into custody by Commodore Paulding and returned to the United States. Yet he must try it once more. In June, 1860, he set out for Honduras, on the pretext of "regenerating" Central America, reminding us that we have, in the language of Major Pawkins, "revivifying and vigorous principles." Here he was collared by the British, who handed him over to the Government of Honduras, who in turn consigned him to the tender mercies of a firing squad. And so ended the career of William Walker, greatest of American filibusters.

It is impossible in a review of this length to convey any idea of the absorbing character of Professor Scroggs's narrative. The first Nicaraguan expedition was a dastardly affair, productive of war and bloodshed on a large scale, considering the size of the Central American republics. It gave rise to problems that vexed the souls of Pierce and Buchanan and their respective Cabinets. It occasioned diplomatic problems of no light importance. It was characterized by a lack of real military skill and by an amazing ignorance of human nature on the part of Walker.

And yet it established the fact that he was a remarkable man, capable of attaching able soldiers to himself by ties of undying loyalty, adroit in all the subterfuges of the law, self-reliant, stoical, and resourceful to the last degree. Professor Scroggs has given us a nicely balanced judgment of him, particularly with reference to the conflicting motives which have been imputed to him. Our author knows how to tell a story dramatically. His stage is crowded with figures. Two, however, stand out before all the others—Gen. William Walker and Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt. In the last analysis, the picture is that of unrelenting war between Walker, with his dream of a Central American Empire, and Vanderbilt, with his determination to keep unabridged the rights and privileges of the Accessory Transit Company in Nicaragua. Walker was guilty of many blunders; yet it is conceivable that he might have achieved his end if he had properly estimated Vanderbilt.

THE BED-ROCK OF POLITICS.

Principles of Constitutional Government. By Frank J. Goodnow. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

Three years ago President Goodnow was invited by Yuan Shi-Kai to serve as legal adviser to the new Chinese Republic, and particularly to assist in the framing of its constitution. On arriving at Peking he found that even the leaders of political thought had the most hazy notions concerning the real essentials of free government. They knew a good deal about the general framework of government in such countries as Great Britain, the German Empire, and the United States, but they failed utterly to appreciate the relations between political machinery and national traditions in those various countries of the Occident. It was accordingly one of his first tasks to explain, necessarily at great length, the way in which each country had fitted its mechanism of government to its own local conditions and how institutions which sometimes seem to stand upon their own feet are in reality dependent for their existence upon some racial trait or political peculiarity. This he did in elaborate reports to the higher officials of the Chinese Government and in a series of lectures delivered under the auspices of the Peking University. It is these lectures which form the text of the present volume.

The circumstances under which the various chapters of the book were prepared give them an almost unique merit, and at the same time tend to detract from their value so far as the American reader is concerned. There is the merit of going right to the bottom of things. The author could take for granted no knowledge of European or American political history on the part of those to whom his lectures were originally addressed. He went, therefore, to bed-rock in dealing with every problem. In explaining some institution of American Federal government this might, and often did, carry him back to Saxon England. Therein he showed not only his mastery of political history, but his good pedagogical judgment. But on the other hand, this method of elucidating the real significance of political institutions has resulted in placing before American readers a book which contains a great deal that might well have been assumed to be within their sphere of knowledge had it been prepared for them directly.

The plan of the book, in general, is neither wholly descriptive nor wholly comparative. The author has described some governments and institutions in their own light; he has taken others and set them side by side, comparing them at every point. At times he has singled out not only institutions, but conceptions of government, for analysis, the

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American conception of executive power, for example; and it is on such occasions that he shows himself at his best. This examination of fundamentals is one of the most difficult tasks to which the student of political science can set his hand, but wherever President Goodnow has undertaken such work he has carried it through with conspicuous success. The three chapters in the latter part of the book, which deal respectively with the American, the English, and the Continental European conceptions of private rights, may be singled out as showing not only long and careful reflection, but a rare proficiency in condensing a great deal into small compass. To say that the author has mastered the art of putting a great deal into every page of his book does not mean, however, that the volume is encyclopædic or a mere array of facts. On the contrary, the historical narratives are used only to form the scaffolding; the real structure is built up with the author's own opinions, comments, criticisms, and observations. The effort is everywhere to reduce things to principles, to cut through the husks and find the kernels, to show what is the essential and what the mere excrescence in the case of the great political institutions of the present day.

In reducing so many things to their simplest terms, it has been necessary at times to state the course of a development rather broadly, and the critical student of history would no doubt challenge some of Dr. Goodnow's statements, not as being actually wrong or misleading, but as needing some qualification. It is theoretically true, for example, to say that "the Governor-General of Canada may disallow the acts of the provincial parliaments" (p. 57), but it would have been appropriate to add that in fact he has nothing whatever to do with such things, being guided absolutely by the advice of his responsible ministers. Such shortcomings as the book may possess in this respect are, however, of very little consequence. It is admirably planned, broad in its horizon, and written in readable style.

Notes

Scribners announce for publication shortly "Financial Chapters of the War," by Alexander Dana Noyes.

Harper & Brothers announce the following for immediate publication: "Every Soul Hath Its Song," by Fannie Hurst; "The Arabian Nights," illustrated by Louis Rhead; "A Voice in the Wilderness," by Grace L. H. Lutz; "Peace and Quiet," by Edwin Milton Royle.

Little, Brown & Co. will publish on Saturday "Miss Theodosia's Heartstrings," by Annie Hamilton Donnell; "The Heritage of the Sioux," by B. M. Bower; "Clover and Blue Grass," by Eliza Calvert Hall, and "The Worn Doorstep," by Margaret Sherwood.

The following works will be published next month by the Century Company: "Our Nation in the Building," by Helen Nicolay; "The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators," by Hendrik William van Loon; "The New Map of Africa," by Herbert Adams Gibbons.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces for publication on Saturday "The Romance of the Martin Connor," by Oswald Kendall; a new edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Seven Vagabonds"; "Mothers and Men," by Harold T. Pulsifer; "Bird Friends," by Gilbert Trafton; "Saints' Legend," by Gordon Hall Gerould, and "Apauk, Caller of Buffalo," by James Willard Schultz.

The following volumes are announced for publication this week or in the immediate future by the Macmillan Company: "Isabel Carleton's Year," by Margaret Ashmun; "Social Life in England, 1750 to 1850," by F. J. Foakes-Jackson; "Official Diplomatic Documents," edited by Edmund von Mach.

From Robert H. Dodd comes announcement of the publication of a new and revised edition of Benjamin H. Thompson's "History of Long Island," the first edition of which appeared in 1839, and the second in 1843. The present and third edition is stated to contain a considerable amount of unpublished material left by Thompson at his death. An introduction is furnished by Charles J. Werner, into whose hands the new material has come.

George H. Doran Company announces the following volumes for publication on Saturday: "The Triumph of Tim," by Horace Annesley Vachell; "The Daughter Pays," by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds; "The Mystery of the Hated Man, and Then Some," by James Montgomery Flagg; "Barnacles," by J. Macdougal Hay; "An Average Woman," by W. Dane Bank; "Dead Yesterday," by Mary Agnes Hamilton; "The Towers of Ilium," by Ethelyn Leslie Huston; "The Woodcraft Girls at Camp," by Lillian Elizabeth Roy.

The following volumes are announced as just published or forthcoming immediately by G. P. Putnam's Sons: "The Breath of the Dragon," by A. H. Fitch; "Desmond's Daughter," by Maud Diver; "American Debate, a History of Political and Economic Controversy in the United States," by Marion Mills Miller; "The Backwash of War," by Ellen La Motte; "Glimpses of the Cosmos," by Lester F. Ward; "Belgium and the Great Powers," by Emile Waxweiler; "The Complete Auction Player," by Florence Irwin; "The Caliph's Secret, and Other Verses," by M. A. B. Evans. As representatives of the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce "A Classical Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Mythology," edited by H. B. Walters, and "Agricultural Geology," by R. H. Rastall.

To the Granta Shakespeare, edited by J. H. Lobban (Putnam; 25 cents net), has been added "Julius Cæsar." It is a chubby little volume with strikingly legible type; otherwise, it is not distinguished. The statement on the second page that "the company to which Shakespeare belonged acted a 'Cæsar and Pompey' in 1594" is not correct.

Vassar College has issued in attractive form a record of what was said and done at the recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of this college, and at the inauguration of President MacCracken. It is a book which will interest most immediately those who are already friends of the College; it should also win for the College some new friends, for fully half of it is devoted to speeches which make excellent reading, full of reminiscence, as is fitting, earnest, and aspiring, as one would have it, yet with the saving humor of Professor Kittredge, and of others, to remind us not to mistake the moonlight shadows of our shifting ears for glimpses of the infinite. There is many an aside to confound the fantastic theory sometimes heard that academic circles are prevailingly pro-German.

The University of Chicago, which, as founded by John D. Rockefeller, completed its twenty-fifth year last autumn, has had a full documentary history prepared to mark off the period by Thomas Wakefield Goodspeed, who, for the whole quarter-century, has devoted himself to its executive work. Its choice of a writer was dictated by something more than the fact that Mr. Goodspeed has been conversant with the inner and outer history of every step taken by the institution. He was the chief of those who, after the demise of the Old University of Chicago, at which he had been a student, hoped for its reëstablishment, and in the spring of 1886 he wrote to Mr. Rockefeller, the richest and most generous Baptist in America, entreating him to come to the assistance of the project. Dr. William Rainey Harper, who about this time left Morgan Park Theological Seminary in Chicago to accept a professorship at Yale, also urged the move upon Mr. Rockefeller, who had for a long time been besought by still a third educator, Dr. Augustus H. Strong, to give $20,000,000 to found a great Baptist institution, with special facilities for graduate study, in New York. By the autumn of 1888 Rockefeller, discussing the matter with Dr. Harper at various appointments in the East, had leaned strongly towards the establishment of a university or college in Chicago. Finally, on May 15, 1889, he wrote to the Rev. Fred T. Gates, of the American Baptist Education Society, that he would contribute $600,000 towards the endowment of the University, provided $400,000 was raised for buildings and equipment. Largely through the generosity of Marshall Field the $400,000 was raised within the year; the first meeting of the trustees was held in July, 1890, and, in accordance with the wishes of every one concerned, Dr. Harper was made president. All this none could tell but Dr. Goodspeed, and he tells it interestingly, and yet with a mass of detail, in his earlier chapters. The volume is fully documented, and being in large part a texture of quotations, is not for the general reader; the skill with which the narrative has been made smooth is, however, remarkable.

The interest of the chapters which follow centres in Dr. Harper's efforts to find a faculty —the whole task of employing the highest-paid professorial body in America having been entrusted to the young man of thirty-five as a matter of course. He sought the largest figures he could find, with no apprehension lest he should suffer by comparison with them. His faculty as first constituted contained, besides men as well known as Von Holst and Emil G. Hirsch, no less than seven men and one woman—Alice Freeman Palmer—who had been

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heads of other colleges or universities. The University opened on October 1, 1892. Thereafter its history is one of steady expansion, based on the administrative wisdom of Dr. Harper, and on the generosity of Mr. Rockefeller, of the wealthy trustees, chief among whom is to be named Martin Ryerson, donor of the physical laboratory, and of Leon Mandel, Charles Hutchinson, A. C. Bartlett, Charles T. Yerkes, and many others whose names are commemorated by University buildings. The central theme of the volume is that which traces scholarly development, and this is adequately, if too briefly, treated by Dr. Goodspeed in his chapters on Important Departments and Important Events. As compared with sister institutions of the Middle West, the University of Chicago has been fortunate in her concentration upon the work of liberal arts and science, upon law, divinity, and graduate work. She has had no preoccupation with a variety of technical, agricultural, and commercial courses. No university in the country except Columbia has conferred so many doctoral degrees. Dr. Goodspeed may be chided for devoting only six pages to the Graduate School, and for saying so little of the activities of the various departments in research and in publication. But he does justice to the labors of Dr. Harper, during the fifteen years that he was president, to make the talents of his corps fruitful in the pursuit of advanced knowledge. In planning his volume he has allotted no space whatever to the life of the students, which detracts from its comprehensiveness. It is, however, one of the three or four excellent histories of an American university yet written.

Prof. John Burnet's lecture on "The Socratic Doctrine of the Soul" (reprinted from the Proceedings of the British Academy, Vol. VII) is in substance a reply to Maier's "Sokrates, sein Werk und seine geschichtliche Stellung." Accepting, for the sake of argument, Maier's thesis that our only authentic information regarding Socrates is found in the earlier dialogues of Plato, particularly in the "Apology" and "Crito," and the speech of Alcibiades in the "Symposium," he undertakes to demolish the deductions of the German to the effect that Socrates was not, properly speaking, a philosopher at all. Professor Burnet discovers the great contribution of Socrates to philosophy in the command "to care for our souls." The whole Socratic conception of the soul he regards as original and of the utmost importance. His criticism of Maier is sound and convincing; it may be a question whether the Socratic conception of the soul was quite so new to Greek thought as he maintains. The lecture is good reading, and is learned without being pedantic.

Under the very inclusive title "Biographical and Literary Studies" (Pilgrim Press; $1.50 net), Prof. Albert H. Currier, of Oberlin, publishes a group of essays, four of them dealing with the lives and the historical significance of St. Augustine, John Knox, George Herbert, and Thomas Fuller, the others being discussions of personal immortality, the use of the imagination in preaching, and the value of self-forgetfulness. The author makes no pretensions to originality, either in research or in thought. He presents the results of his reading in secondary sources such as Dr. John Lord, to whom he refers for a characterization of "The City of God" as Augustine's greatest work, and for the fact that "his vacant See had no successor." The non-historical essays are neatly written, with copious extracts from other books. Their tone is liberal, their religious spirit bright and helpful. It would be too much to say that they are in any sense "contributions," but they should find readers who will welcome them as aids to a clearer understanding of the problems they touch.

Josiah Royce, Alford professor of natural religion, moral philosophy, and civil polity at Harvard University, died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., on September 14. Dr. Royce was born November 20, 1855, in Glass Valley, Cal., and graduated from the University of California in 1875. After a few years of study abroad, he was appointed to a fellowship at Johns Hopkins University, from which he received his degree of Ph.D. in 1878. He had conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D., from the University of Aberdeen in 1900, from Johns Hopkins in 1902, from Yale University in 1911, from St. Andrew's University in 1911; the degree of Litt.D. from Harvard University in 1911, and that of D.Sc. from Oxford University in 1913. From 1878 to 1882 Dr. Royce was instructor in English literature and logic at the Univeristy of California. He joined the faculty of Harvard University in the latter year as an instructor in philosophy, rising through the various grades until he became Alford professor, in March, 1914. Dr. Royce was a fellow of numerous learned societies, and was the author of a number of volumes on philosophical subjects, among them: "Religious Aspects of Philosophy," "The World and the Individual," "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy," "The Conception of Immortality," "Herbert Spencer: An Estimate and a Review," "The Philosophy of Loyalty," "William James and Other Essays on the Philosophy of Life," "The Problem of Christianity," and his last book, "War and Insurance," published during 1914.

Drama

"PAGANINI."

George Arliss returns to the metropolitan stage in a comedy by Edward Knoblauch, which is by no means representative of that writer's best work. There is a smell of the lamp about it, as though it were written, as no doubt it was, not so much because the author was particularly interested in Paganini as because he thought that Paganini would prove a good medium for Mr. Arliss's powers of characterization. The result is a pretty tenuous fabric in which the thread of interest grows perilously thin and would snap altogether except for the dominance of the central figure and, as things have turned out, for one other circumstance. That circumstance, a happy one, is a most delightful and exceedingly clever performance by Miss Margery Maude. Three seasons ago, in "Grumpy," Miss Maude was winning and gracious, but obviously unpracticed in her art. The progress made since then, revealed by her performance in "Paganini," is remarkable. As Charlotte Watson she gave a charming portrayal of the innocent young English girl, who, infatuated by the genius of Paganini, and piqued by her fiancé's jealousy and her father's bullying, persuades the musician to elope with her, only to discover, happily in time, that her place in his affections is subordinate to that held by his art.

The plot invented by Mr. Knoblauch to exhibit the eccentricities of genius and Mr. Arliss's notable talent in interpreting them is thus sufficiently indicated. The play, for all its triviality, is neatly constructed and moves rapidly. But the author has failed where it was essential that he should succeed, and we suspect that he failed through depending too much on Mr. Arliss's powers of characterization, and not enough on his own understanding of the central figure. To compensate for the conventionality of the framework, the author should have devoted his best efforts to the limning of the character of Paganini; but he has chosen to leave that burden to the shoulders of Mr. Arliss, and capable as those shoulders are, they are not quite equal to the strain. Nothing could be cleverer than Mr. Arliss's carefully studied and artistic presentation of the externals of the character, both physical and mental: the egotism, the petulance, the winsomeness, the selfishness, the gusts of passion—all are recorded with a fidelity and a care that prove Mr. Arliss once again a master of the technique of his art. But of the Paganini that lay behind these external manifestations we get scarcely a glimpse. We see the eccentricities of genius, but not the genius itself. Paganini must have had a soul, else he couldn't have been accused of selling it to the devil. Mr. Knoblauch has created a puppet, and not all the art of Mr. Arliss can quite succeed in breathing into it a human soul. With the character of Charlotte Watson, naturally a far easier one to handle, the case is different. There the outstanding fact is the absolute innocence, the lack of the power to realize the significance of things intellectually apprehended, and it is the peculiar merit of Miss Maude's rendering of the part that she has grasped this essential fact and never loses sight of it in her interpretation.

Other rôles in the piece are played adequately, but without particular distinction, for which, indeed, little opportunity is offered. The play is made by the always interesting performance of Mr. Arliss and by the wholly delightful acting of Miss Margery Maude. The piece is produced by Klaw & Erlanger and George C. Tyler at the Criterion Theatre.

S. W.

"FLORA BELLA."

The internationalism which has broken down so lamentably in politics is realized with happy results in this operetta which is presented by John Cort at the Casino Theatre. So many representatives of the various warring nations, working in pleasant accord, contribute to its success, that to attempt to apportion credit would be an ungrateful task. It should be mentioned, however, that the original book was by Felix Doermann, and the graceful music by Charles Cuvillier, who wrote "The Lilac Domino," while Milton Schwartzwald has added some numbers thoroughly in the vein of the original. The scenery, it should be added, is by the indispensable Joseph Urban; the bright particular star of the en-

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tertainment is Mme. Lina Abarbanell, and the comedian is Lawrence Grossmith, now, as always, amusing and refined. The story does not matter particularly—it happens in Russia and concerns a wife's winning back of her husband's love by posing as her own mythical twin sister, who is supposed to be, what she herself actually was prior to her marriage, a charming and popular cabaret dancer—but it is only right to note that the plot hangs together in a manner that is decidedly refreshing in this kind of musical play, and that both story and the manner of its telling are wholly free from suggestiveness or vulgarity. The personality of Mme. Abarbanell proves as charming as ever, and she is well supported by Mortimer H. Weldon, who makes a personable Baron Tigo Oblonsky, and has a voice fully equal to the demands made on it. Miss Muriel Hudson is an attractive and flirtatious countess; Miss Juliette Lippe a stately proprietress of a cabaret, and Adolph Link furnishes a clever character study of an old cabaret performer, which is only marred by being slightly overplayed. An attractive feature of the piece is some clever dancing. Altogether "Flora Bella" is as pleasant and entertaining an operetta as we are likely to meet with this season. S. W.

By the death of Don José Echegaray, of Eizaguirre, which was announced from Madrid on Friday of last week, Spain loses one of the most famous of her dramatists, as well as a notable poet, an eminent statesman, an orator of rare powers, and a mathematician of international reputation. He was born in Madrid in March, 1833, and received his earliest education in the grammar school of Marcia. Thence he proceeded to the Escuela de Caminos at the capital, where he soon attracted attention by his capacity and diligence. At the age of twenty he graduated at the head of the class of engineers, and shortly afterwards was appointed professor of pure and applied mathematics in the school where he had recently been a student. Soon he was widely recognized as one of the leading engineers and mathematicians in Spain. His "Problems of Analytical Geometry" opened to him the doors of the Academy of Sciences in Madrid, and he justified his election by a remarkable treatise on "Modern Theories of the Physical Unity of Material Forces" (1867). Joining the Society of Political Economy, he helped to found *La Revista*, and became an ardent advocate of the doctrines of free trade. The revolution of 1868, which dethroned and exiled Queen Isabella, forced him into politics, and between that year and 1874 he acted as Minister of Education and of Finance. Upon the restoration of the monarchy, he withdrew from public life, and, at the age of thirty-nine, founded a new reputation as poet and dramatist. During the next twenty-five years he produced nearly fifty plays. The earliest of these were romantic tragedies in verse; the later were often in prose, and dealt with psychological problems, betraying the influence of Ibsen. His immense productivity—it may be noted that he wrote with equal facility in prose and verse—naturally caused his work to be uneven in merit, but the best of it has the unmistakable stamp of genius. The most famous of his plays was "El Gran Galeoto," and others that rank high in critical estimates are "En el puño de la Espada," "O locura ó Santidad," and "En el Seno de la Muerte."

Finance

THE RISE IN STOCKS.

The advance in prices on the Stock Exchange, which began with considerable force at the opening of September, reached this past week a pitch of great activity. That there was much in the financial situation to warrant such activity, was clear to all observers. The violence and highly speculative character of last week's market, however, called forth some deprecating comment, based on the ground that if there is any precedent established beyond dispute by the financial history of war, it is that when a war-time financial "boom" gets beyond control, it leads to formidable consequences. That our own indulgence in prolonged excesses of the kind on this occasion would have any happier results, when the world is confronted with so obscure and disquieting an economic future, is hardly to be supposed.

Taken by itself, the incidents of the past week's movement have been somewhat spectacular. The 1,690,000 shares which changed hands last Thursday on the Stock Exchange made up the largest total of any day since the war began. The best previous record of 1916 was the 1,360,000 shares of August 22, the day when the midsummer advance reached its high peak; after which prices declined. The largest day of war-time until last Thursday was the 1,670,000 shares of September 28, 1915, when the rise of that month was only momentarily checked, to be resumed later.

To match the business of Thursday of last week, one must go back to September 27, 1911, the culmination of a "bear movement" of the greatest violence, which began with Europe's excited selling in the midsummer "Morocco war scare" and reached its climax on the news that the Steel Corporation would be prosecuted. On that day Stock Exchange business reached 1,720,000 shares. This month had witnessed "million-share days" on nine consecutive full business days. Ten consecutive days of the kind were last autumn's best record.

In the famous "bull market" in the spring of 1901, there were forty-four consecutive "million-share days." On ten of these the two-million mark was passed; it has been touched only eleven times since then—in 1904, 1906, and 1907. The 3,200,000-share days on April 30, 1901, the climax of the "boom," and on May 9, 1901, the day of the "Northern Pacific panic," have never been matched. Is Wall Street speculation nowadays, then, a smaller thing than that of 1901?

The answer is not entirely easy. On the one hand, the Stock Exchange has prohibited the "matched orders" and "wash sales" which constituted a great part of the two- and three-million-share days of 1901. From that point of view, therefore, the relatively smaller total of to-day means more. But, on the other hand, there are probably twice as many separate stocks dealt in to-day on the Stock Exchange as there were in April, 1901. This would naturally tend to increase the total business.

As to how much "million-share days" actually mean, that is another question. Certainly no body of individuals or institutions bought 1,690,000 shares to keep, last Thursday. No such thing happened as the actual investment of $170,000,000 in those five hours. Very many people who bought on speculation in the morning probably sold the same shares in the afternoon, and vice-versa. Nevertheless, a series of million-share days in a "bull market" means that capital and credit are being drawn from other quarters to the Stock Exchange.

But what of the basis for this autumn's movement? When the "bull market" of last autumn began on the Stock Exchange, almost exactly a year ago, the familiar explanation of it was, that every tangible fact in the situation favored higher values, and that, except for the submarine controversy with the German Government, there was nothing in sight to upset a great speculation for the rise. Bank clearings in the whole country had been running 5 or 6 per cent. above any previous record for the period. The country's total money circulation had increased $150,000,000 over the year before; our gold imports for the year to date had been $160,000,000 greater than in any previous corresponding period. Net earnings of our railways were running 11 per cent. over 1914 and had broken all midsummer records. Our monthly merchandise exports for the year to date had been $800,000,000 above the best previous showing. Despite the immensely increased loans, the New York bank surplus of $224,000,000 on September 11, 1915, stood $107,000,000 above that of January 1, and far surpassed all precedent. The harvests were known to be the greatest in our history.

How stands the case now? Bank clearings last month were larger by 38 per cent. than even in August, 1915, and the increase for the year to date is 40 per cent. The country's total money circulation is 12 per cent. greater than a year ago. Gold imports for the year to date have been nearly $100,000,000 greater. Railway net earnings have been running more than 27 per cent. beyond even 1915. Exports of merchandise since January 1 strike a total nearly a thousand million dollars above last year, with the surplus of exports nearly $500,000,000 greater. On the other hand, the New York bank surplus of this month has been less by $154,000,000 than a year before. The harvest promise, as a whole, is probably 20 per cent. less than that of 1915; the wheat crop in particular being apparently less by 400,000,000 bushels, and the smallest of any year since 1904.

What, then, from the Stock Exchange point of view, is the valid speculative bearing of the whole present situation, compared with that of September, 1915? Possibly that may depend on whether the stock market of last autumn was "discounting" what had then already happened, or what was to happen in

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1916, and on whether the market of to-day should similarly be looking to past, present, or future.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Blackwood, A. Julius LeVallon. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Bowen, M. Shadows of Yesterday. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Corbett, E. F. Cecily and the Wide World. Holt. $1.40 net.
Curtiss, P. Between Two Worlds. Harper. $1.35 net.
Harben, W. N. Second Choice. Harper. $1.35 net.
Hewlett, M. Love and Lucy. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Kelly, R. J. Jim—Unclassified. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
McCutcheon, G. B. From the Housetops. Dodd, Mead. $1.40 net.
Phillpotts, E. The Green Alleys. Macmillan. $1.50.
Potapenko, J. N. A Russian Priest. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Seaman, A. H. The Sapphire Signet. Century. $1.25 net.
Winterburn, F. H. Liberty Hall. Harper. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bleyer, W. G. Types of News-writing. Houghton Mifflin. $1.40 net.
Collmann, S. M. Tales from the Old World and the New. Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.50 net.
Holmes, E. The Nemesis of Docility: A study of German Character. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Holt, W. La Carrière d'un Aveugle. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.
Hueffer, F. M. Henry James—A Critical Study. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Iacob and Iosep. Edited by A. S. Napier. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.
Kelley, J. P. Workmanship in Words. Little, Brown. $1 net.
Mackail, J. W. Shakespeare after Three Hundred Years. Annual Shakespeare Lecture. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Mills, E. A. The Story of Scotch. Houghton Mifflin. 50 cents net.
Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America. Vol. 10, No. 3.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Campbell, R. J. The War and the Soul. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
McConnell, S. D. History of the American Episcopal Church. The Young Churchman Co. $1.50.
Maitra, H. Hinduism—The World-Ideal. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Wilkinson, W. C. Concerning Jesus Christ the Son of God. The Griffith & Rowland Press. $1 net.

TRAVEL.

Gerould, K. F. Hawaii—Scenes and Impressions. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Stuck, H. Ten Thousand Miles with A Dog Sled. Scribner. $1.75 net.

SCIENCE.

Hurd, H. M., and Others. The Institutional Care of the Insane in the United States and Canada. Vol. II. Johns Hopkins Press.
Petit, G., and Leudet, M. Les Allemands et la Science. Paris: Librairie Félix Alcan.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Rolland, R. Handel. Holt. $1.50 net.
Smith, R. E. Modern Messages from Great Hymns. Abindgon Press. $1.25 net.

STANDARDS OF HEALTH INSURANCE

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